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INDEPENDENCE  
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# FORBIDDEN MESSAGE

By

ALLAN VAUGHAN ELSTON

30 JUN 1943



Sancerre followed the natives with difficulty as they pushed on through the jungle.

SKIPPER JEAN SANCERRE, tall and thirty, went ashore alone. His crew did not know his errand. Naturally, they supposed that those two sacks filled with champagne, cigars, and other gifts were designed to promote goodwill with the island chiefs. Only Sancerre's mate, Boston Smith, knew the truth. And Boston Smith, being a tight-lipped Yankee, could be trusted not to tell.

A hundred Marquesan natives thronged about Sancerre when, with his gift bags, he stepped from his dinghy to the beach. Brawny, tattooed men looked hopefully at the bags. Brown girls, each with a flower in her hair, preferred to regard Sancerre himself. For in his braided whites Skipper Jean Sancerre made a fine and virile figure.

Quickly he selected the two brawniest of the native men, giving each ten francs, he secured their services as porters.

"I go to Oava," he said, Oava being a distant inland village.

Each of the porters picked up a gift bag and set forth. Jean Sancerre followed, and the bush swallowed them.

The path was steep. A high, tropic mountain loomed ahead. Sancerre was soon stumbling. His legs were made for decks, not for cliffs like these, with thorn and frond slapping at his face. They climbed above the coconut belt and on up into an even denser jungle.

They passed no plantings. Sancerre knew that no whites ever came here except an occasional visitor like himself. He knew, too, that such visitors never went beyond the beach villages.

The trek to Oava consumed four hours. Jean Sancerre then found himself on a plateau verdant with mangoes and breadfruit. A path led between two patches into the street of a village. The houses were thatch-roofed and had high rock

floors. At one end of the street stood an old stone mission.

Jean Sancerre knew that this priest had long ago passed away and had not been replaced.

He dismissed his porters and sent them back down the mountain.

Then the people of this isolated upland village came pouring out to confront him. The Oava high chief, a stately old man who was tattooed solidly from ankles to shark's-tooth necklace, relaxed as he recognized Sancerre. Sancerre had been here once before, just two years ago, and the generosity of his gifts then ensured a welcome now.

"I have come," Sancerre announced in fair Marquesan, "to see the Butterfly Man."

The high chief gave an order. Immediately a dozen young boys and girls scattered into the bush. Sancerre heard one of them shout: "Come quickly home, Monsieur Butterfly. You have a visitor."

The high chief escorted Jean Sancerre to a lean-to room off the old mission. It was clean, with grass mats on the floor, and had been furnished by the hardy priest who had once served there.

The villagers brought in the two gift bags and withdrew. Jean Sancerre immediately unpacked the bags. There were bottles of champagne, boxes of cigars, a Panama hat, three white duck suits, shirts, underwear, and high-laced boots. There were six books by Victor Hugo.

Also there was a framed photograph of Marshal Joffre in resplendent uniform, with an inscription in French, beneath, which meant: "They do not pass. We stand at the Marne and die." Jean Sancerre hung this picture on a wall.

Then the Butterfly Man dashed in, breathlessly eager. His face was the face of Jean Sancerre, except that it was greyer, leaner, and twenty years older. His garments

were bush-torn, and hair hung shaggy to his shoulders.

Jean Sancerre sprang forward and took him in a filial embrace. He kissed the Butterfly Man first on one cheek, then on the other. One of the cheeks bore an ancient scar.

"My father!" cried Jean.

"My son!" The elder Sancerre's voice choked. He had entered with a butterfly net in one hand and a glass jar in the other. The jar contained a captured butterfly. He placed the jar on a table and again embraced his son. Then questions burst from him tremulously: "But tell me, is the word good? Do you bring news of a pardon, my Jean?"

The glow left Jean's face. "No, father," he admitted. "You must still hide here. At Tahiti they still say you murdered Andre Millau."

"But I am innocent!" protested Jules. The humiliation of an unjust verdict made his voice shrill and bitter.

"But of course, father. Still, you must hide here till we prove the truth. Of one great richness, a clear conscience, they cannot rob you."

Jean opened the champagne and filled two cups. "To the honor of all the Sancerres," he proposed. They drank proudly.

After which the spirits of Jules speedily revived. He examined the gifts and exclaimed in great delight over them.

"And how is our good friend, Monsieur Boston Smith?" he inquired presently. "I remember with gratitude that he helped you manage my escape from the gaol at Papeete."

"My mate," said Jean, "is as confident of your innocence as I am. That you lost money at cards to Andre Millau, and that Millau was killed with your pistol, does not impress Monsieur Smith. He has a Yankee word for it—'framed.' Is it not a sad irony, my father, that you, the truest of all Frenchmen, should be convicted and sentenced to life on Devil's Island?"

Jules shrugged. "We will speak no more of it, my son. Now I will show you my trophies."

He opened boxes, exposing a collection of tropical moths and butterflies. Then he removed his latest catch from a jar, chloroformed it, and mounted it with the others.

His father's keen pride in the collection rather surprised Jean. Butterfly hunting had been devised merely as an excuse to make a long residence here seem plausible to the Oava villagers. "This gentleman," Jean had explained to the high chief on bringing Jules here two years ago, "is a scientist. His life work is the study of tropical butterflies; he will remain here until he has captured all the varieties that exist on this island."

"And now," chattered Jules Sancerre, "they have captured me. It has become with me—what is it the English say—a hobby? And look, are they not beautiful, my Jean?"

"Magnificent!" Jean murmured. It pleased him that his father had found such an enchanting diversion. They spoke then of many things, intimate things, most of them reflecting memories of the old family estate in Cotes du Nord. The afternoon waned.

At last Jean rose with a sigh. "I must go now, my father. If I am gone too long my crew may suspect why."

Jules refilled the wine cups. He raised his own with an eye on the framed picture of Joffre. "Vive la France," he said.

"Vive la France," echoed Jean.

"In a year I will try to come again," Jean promised, "or at once if I can, if there is good news."

Jules wanted to walk down to the beach with him. "But it would not be discreet," Jean protested. "My

crew might see you—and loosen their tongues at Papeete."

"Good-bye, my son," said Jules Sancerre.

Jean kissed the scar on his cheek. It was a scar made by shrapnel at Verdun. Then he hurried alone down the mountain. He reached the beach in two hours. There he pushed off in the dinghy to his ship.

Nearing it, he heard seven bells strike from the bridge. Then he heard the voice of a radio in the saloon. He remembered that Boston Smith each evening at seven bells always tuned in on a broadcast from Auckland.

Jean Sancerre now climbed the ladder and crossed his deck to the saloon. He entered, to find his lean and canny mate trying to tune out static. The mate raised a surprised eyebrow as Jean entered alone. "What's the idea, Skipper?" he asked. "Why didn't you fetch him back with you?"

"I did not tell him," Jean Sancerre admitted in a taut voice, "that the real murderer has been caught and has confessed."

Mate Smith stood up, gaping. "You mean your old man don't know they're not lookin' for him any more?"

"When he knows that," said Jean, "he must also know this." He moved to the radio and tuned out the sputtering static.

A voice came from Auckland: "Again celebrating the anniversary of the fall of France, the storm troopers tramp down the Champs

Elysees, goose-stepping through the Arc de Triomphe. Their legions sing 'Deutschland Uber Alles' in the Palace of Versailles." Boston Smith rubbed his jaw. "I get you. Your old man doesn't know about that!"

"How could he know?" A tear glistened in Jean's eye. "But all other Frenchmen know—and they weep. They cannot chase butterflies. Let them envy Jules Sancerre!"

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# Gay Girl

In holiday mood, she became a new personality — sparkling, care-free, and completely fascinating.

WELL, now, just look what the tide's brought in," the young man said. "Are you staying here, too?"

His manner wasn't exactly rude, Claire thought. It was faintly mocking, but tinged with admiration. She said coolly: "Yes, I'm staying here—for a fortnight. I've just arrived."

She walked towards the fire, pulling off her gloves.

"What's your name?" the young man asked.

"Claire Barton. And yours?"

"Paul Wainwright. How did you find this place?"

"I answered an advertisement. But it's not my first time here, you know. I come nearly every year."

"And do you find that there's riding and bathing and congenial company and a view of the sea, as advertised?"

"Oh, yes," she said, "all those. And Mrs. Goodwin, who runs the place, is a very good friend of mine by now. Why did you come?"

"I liked the name—White Ladies Farm. But I've been here before, too."

"What's your job?"

"I'm a doctor," he said, and added, shortly: "Kids' specialist. Crippled kids, mostly—stump kids, poor little beggars." Claire realised why he was not in uniform. His work with children was too important for him to be released for service with the R.A.M.C.

Resuming his light, bantering tone, he asked: "Do you pluck your eyebrows or are they naturally that silly shape?"

"I pluck them—when I've nothing else to do," Claire answered. She scrutinised Dr. Wainwright without haste or embarrassment. He was older than she had thought at first glance. There were lines about his merry eyes, but it was a young man's face, for all that.

"I liked this good guest-house the last time," he said, "but I can see that I'm going to like it even better now. Do you dance?"

"Occasionally," she admitted.

"And ride?"

"More enthusiastically than securely."

"And swim?"

"Oh, yes," Claire said. "I was expensively brought up, you know."

"So I should have imagined from your appearance. You look expensive—and rather nice. Shall we stroll as far as the beach before tea?"

"Certainly. I should be glad of a little fresh air after the train."

She was not embarrassed by his swift assumption that they were going to be friends. She was in a holiday mood, and prepared to enjoy everything. She met his swift banter with equally quick replies. They found a great deal to laugh about as they strolled to the beach and back.

"I'm grateful to fate," Paul said, "for sending me such good company. I like gay girls."

"How do you know I'm gay?"

"You look it. And why shouldn't you be? You've got a becoming hat on your head and nothing in this world to worry about."

Claire tilted her small be-ribboned hat a little more over one eye and said nothing. She did not see why she should tell this slightly presumptuous young man the story of her life. Nor would he, she thought, be much impressed by it. Her expensive upbringing belonged to a long ago past, dating back before the war, even, and all that remained of it now were athletic abilities and the haughty way in which she wore her clothes.

She had been a nurse in a big London hospital for six years, ever since she was nineteen. Ever since her father had died, in debt, and

the easy, luxurious life in the big country house had come to an end. With the outbreak of war, her life had automatically become doubly arduous.

But Claire no longer regretted her gilded youth. Nursing was her vocation, and she was enough in love with it to put up with hard work and long hours. Her homesickness for the country had ended long before her training was complete.

But still, when she had her one holiday in the year, it was to the country that she returned.

For three weeks in the year she put off her severe nurse's uniform and revelled in clothes as frivolous as wartime conditions permitted. It was a gesture which sent her back to work refreshed and enthusiastic.

And when she discarded her uniform she also put away her usually sober frame of mind. Mrs. Goodwin, who owned the guest-house, knew a Claire whom the hospital never saw—a flippant young woman whose conversation was as fantastic as her hair-dressing. A gay girl.

Mrs. Goodwin liked gaiety. She said to Claire that first evening: "You won't allow Dr. Wainwright to annoy you, will you?"

"Why should he annoy me?"

"He's a flirtatious young man. I noticed it when he was here before. Keep him in his place."

"I'll try to," Claire said demurely.

"And whatever you do," said Mrs. Goodwin, "don't take him seriously. He's a born breaker of hearts."

"He won't break mine. Why should he?"

"Oh, no reason. Except that he's attractive. And intelligent. But I daresay you're inoculated against doctors by now, being a nurse."

"I think I'm quite safe," Claire said. "But don't tell him I'm a nurse, Mrs. Goodwin. He probably wouldn't look at me again if he knew that I was in the same line of business as himself."

"And you want him to look at you, I suppose?"

Claire nodded. Already it was important Paul should look at her. She was ready to admit that. This bantering stranger, whom she had met for the first time today, was going to mean something in her life. It would be no casual meeting and parting, this encounter.

After dinner Paul and Claire sat by the fire in the oak-beamed sitting-room, which had once been the farm kitchen, and Paul interspersed his conversation with the most outrageous compliments.

Claire laughed over them at the time, but she thought of them more tenderly as she undressed and went to bed. They might not be strictly true, but they were undoubtedly very pleasant.

Next morning they rode along the beach, the spring wind on their faces. It was a day made for holidaying—for quick, light talk between two people who were attracted to each other.

"I don't suppose you can possibly realise how much I'm enjoying this," Paul said. He did not ask her what her job was, or where she lived. Perhaps, Claire thought, he did not want to know. She knew herself the desire to escape from the real world into any fairy-tale land which might be available.

It didn't matter. Sooner or later he would want to know more about her. Sooner or later they would leave the frothy business of compliments and repartee and explore the real depths of their feeling for each other. But there was no hurry.

It was her holiday, and she was ready to play with anyone. She did not at first realise what was happening to her. She only knew that she liked to be with Paul, that to



share a joke with him was fun, and that he made more jokes than most people.

But as the days went on she began to weave dreams—dreams of a future in which they might both work and play together. He a doctor—she a nurse. She would be able to help him in his work with those stumpy children. Sometimes she asked a question about it, but he clearly did not want to talk to her about it. It would be different, she thought, when she had told him that she was a nurse.

When he wanted to be serious, when he was ready to talk instead of laugh, then she would tell him.

Other people came to White Ladies Farm, and rode and walked and sat in the lounge after dinner. But for Claire they did not exist. She saw only Paul—always Paul.

"I like you because you aren't quite real," Paul told Claire, laughingly.

When I'm on my job," he assured her. "The matron of my hospital is a gem and a genius at her work—but the lighter graces have passed her by, as they have most of the women with whom I work. So you see, when I come away on holiday I gravitate quite naturally towards butterflies. And I must say I've never known a more charming butterfly than you."

"Perhaps I'm not a butterfly," she said a little breathlessly. "Perhaps I'm really an earnest woman in disguise."

"I don't believe that—not for an instant. But if you are an earnest woman, don't be earnest with me! I couldn't stand it. I should have to run away from White Ladies Farm."

His voice, as usual, had an undercurrent of laughter, but his eyes were for once quite solemn.

"Go on being gay and silly," he implored her. "It's your frivolity which is making this holiday so charming for me. Don't spoil it by coming down to earth."

"I'll try not to," she promised him. But she sighed to herself, watching her dreams dissolve. There would be no future in which they would work and play together. When her three weeks' holiday was over, she would go back to the hospital. She would take up her work again and try to forget this bright interlude—and all that she had once thought it might mean.

She did not tell him until Sunday

morning that she was going away. The week had passed quickly. They had walked and ridden together, played a little very bad golf, and danced in the evenings. Always they had stayed on the surface. Always Claire had been gay.

On the Sunday morning, at breakfast, Paul said: "Well, are we going to ride?"

"I am," Claire said decidedly. "It's my last day, you know."

"Your last day? Whatever do you mean?"

"I'm going to-night."

He looked annoyed. "You might have stayed a bit longer," he said.

"What am I going to do without you all this next week?"

"I really don't know. I hadn't thought of it much."

"No consideration for other people! That's the trouble. But must you go? Couldn't you stay just another week?"

"I've had enough of White Ladies Farm," she said lightly. "And I must go to-night. I've made all my arrangements."

"Well, then, let's go for our last ride together."

They rode along the beach, as they had done the first time. And again it was a windy day and again they laughed and were gay. But something like a heavy stone lay at the bottom of Claire's heart. After today she would never see Paul again.

She said, a little wistfully: "Will you give me your address when I leave?"

"Why?" he asked.

Please turn to page 4

By ANNE VERNON

Swinging his lean body into the saddle. Putting his strong, brown hand out to help her dismount. Laughing at some joke she made.

"Do you know why I like you so much?" he asked her one evening, when they were sitting together in the lounge.

"No, I can't imagine." She managed to keep her voice easy and careless. But it was an effort.

"I like you because you aren't quite real," he said. "You're as gay and debonair as a drawing in a fashion magazine. I should like to think that there was nothing but tissue paper under your curls."

"Perhaps my head is full of tissue paper. I don't know. But why should you like it to be?"

"I have enough of earnest women

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She did not tell him until Sunday



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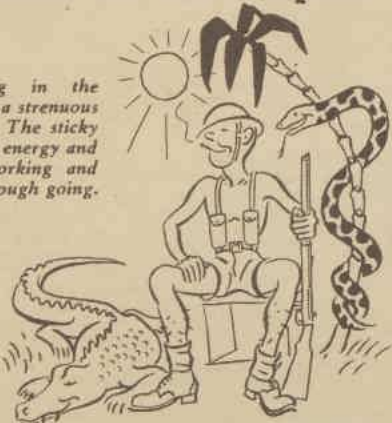
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CLAIRE hesitated, then replied wistfully: "Because—because I might like to write to you or ring you up sometimes."

"I'd rather you didn't," he told her. "This has been a grand holiday for me, but I want to forget it as soon as possible. I can't do my work if my mind is on frivolities. And in a week you'll have forgotten me, anyway. You'll be laughing with someone else."

"I shan't be laughing," she whispered.

"Don't be silly," he said briskly. "Of course you'll be laughing. Don't go serious and tiresome now—on our last ride!"

She could not answer. The words stung unbearably. She kicked her horse into a canter and rode wildly up the beach. The last ride—the last ride...

It took her some time to compose her mind. When at last she had managed to smooth her face into a smile, she turned—and saw a riderless horse following her. Far back along the beach, beside a big log brought in by the tide, Paul was lying. Even at a distance she could see that his position was twisted and unnatural.

She galloped back. Paul was unconscious. From the marks in the wet sand, she could guess what had happened. The horse had tried to jump the log, stumbled, and come down with Paul underneath him.

Claire rode back to White Ladies Farm, telephoned for a doctor, and then returned to the beach with two men and a car. It seemed an endless time before they got Paul back to the farm and into bed. And to Claire, standing beside the doctor while he made his examination, it seemed an eternity before he pronounced his verdict.

"Broken collarbone; two broken ribs; concussion. He'll be all right, always provided there are no complications. But he'll have to have a good nurse."

Claire went down to Mrs. Goodwin's private sitting-room and repeated the doctor's pronouncement in a wooden sort of way. She added: "You can't get nurses at a moment's notice now, but I'm a good nurse, I shall stay and nurse him."

Mrs. Goodwin looked doubtful. "It's very nice of you, my dear, but is it quite wise? What about your job?"

"I'll wire them."

"But won't they make objections?"

"They won't like it," Claire said. "They may even dismiss me, but I don't care."

Mrs. Goodwin was a shrewd woman. She said: "Look here, Claire, don't think I'm being impertinent. We're friends, I hope, and I don't want to see you making a fool of yourself. You won't do yourself any good by staying and nursing Dr. Wainwright. He liked you as a playmate—he won't like you any better as a nurse. Not as well, probably. Go back to London and get on with your own job."

"I don't think you're at all impertinent, Mrs. Goodwin," Claire answered, "and I'm sure that all you say is true. But Dr. Wainwright happens to be my job—even though he doesn't know it and never will know it."

She went to her room and got her nurse's uniform out of her small trunk. It was the one she had been wearing on her last day in the hospital, and she had brought it with her in order to have it washed.

As she put on the clothes and smoothed her hair out of sight, she said good-bye to her holiday mood. Once again she was the impersonal, efficient nurse. She did not think that Paul would recognise her when he recovered consciousness. And she knew that whether he recognised her or not it would make no difference. He was not interested in nurses—even good ones.

She was glad, in the days that followed, that she was a good nurse. For Paul developed pneumonia and was very ill.

Claire moved about the sick room quiet and unafraid. She found that she was oddly glad to be back at work. Playing with Paul had been fun, but she had had enough of play. Now she was serving him, and that thought would warm her heart through the lonely days in London. Any gay girl could have played with Paul, but only a nurse could have helped him now.

It was very early one morning when he first spoke to her.

"Oh, heck!" he said. "Nurses

## Gay Girl

Continued from page 3

again! It's a bit thick when a man's on holidays."

Claire was sitting by the window and she said in a low voice: "You had to have a nurse."

"How long ago did I fall off that ridiculous horse?" he asked fretfully.

"Four days ago."

"Have you been here all that time?"

"Yes."

"I haven't noticed you."

"You haven't been in much of a state to notice anything."

The light in the room was dim, and Claire did not draw the curtains.

Paul said: "There was a girl—Claire Barton—she was riding with me that morning. Do you happen to know if she's left the farm?"

"The girl you were riding with has gone," Claire said.

She shook the thermometer down and came towards the bed. For the first time Paul looked at her.

"Do you—" he began, and then broke off. "Claire!" he exclaimed.

"I'm afraid so," Claire said.

"But what are you doing masquerading in these clothes?"

"It's not a masquerade," she said rather wearily. "I am a nurse."

He stared a long time at the grave oval of her face. "Where are your curls?" he asked.

"Hidden—until my holiday next year."

"And your silliness?"

"That's put away, too."

"Couldn't you even raise a smile for me?" he asked playfully.

"No," she said abruptly. "I couldn't. I'm not your cheerful companion now, and don't let's have any nonsense about it. I'm your nurse. One of the earnest women you find so unattractive. But you needn't worry. I'm going back to London as soon as you can dispense with my services. Open your mouth, please."

He allowed her to take his temperature without protest. But as

soon as the thermometer was out of his mouth he said: "You aren't going back to London. Wire for honeymoon leave."

Claire said: "Be careful, your temperature's nearly normal. You don't know what you're saying."

"I do know, Claire, will you—will you marry me?"

"I'm not a butterfly," she said foolishly.

"I know that now, thank goodness."

"And I'm not really a silly, gay girl," she said, shaking down the thermometer.

"Silly enough. Why didn't you tell me you were a nurse?"

Claire laughed shakily. "You told me to go on being gay," she said.

"Of course I did. If you hadn't been so preposterously silly I should have had to ask you to marry me long ago. The only way I could endure to remember you was as a pretty child I'd played with. Any other memory would have been unbearable—because it might have been more than a memory. Do you understand?"

"I think so," Claire said. She smiled at him slowly.

"That's better," said Dr. Wainwright. "I can almost recognise you again."

"You ought to go to sleep," Claire said.

"I can't sleep until I know whether you'll marry me."

"Of course I'll marry you, you fat-head. What do you suppose I've been nursing you for?"

"I really don't know. Unless you like nursing."

"I do," she assured him. "But yours was a rather special case."

She bent over him, very unprofessionally, and he put up one hand and touched her head.

"The curls are there—underneath—gay girl," he said.

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## RENDEZVOUS IN SCOTLAND

He carried out a job of utmost heroism — just for the money that was in it, he declared.

WELL," said McKay, picking up his slide-rule and making rapid calculations. "There'll be a nice little wad of money from this trip—eh, Warren?"

Warren shook his head. "When we deliver this plane the boys who take over won't make any money." "Oh, them!" McKay shrugged. "That's because they are in uniform. The uniform makes it possible for the system to use them practically free of charge. We're not in uniform, kid, and that's why we get paid—and so we should! Anybody that would fly these crocks over a big dark pond like this without getting paid plenty would be a sucker. There's no other reason for doing it, so don't get all muddled up."

McKay picked up the slide-rule again, and Warren frowned over the long nose of the plane. War was such a complicated business that one invariably got oneself into blind alleys discussing it.

Still, to Dick Warren, the money he got for flying bombers from Canada to England was of very little importance; it meant so much more to have a feeling of belonging to something tremendous, of belonging to a great moment in history.

McKay, of course, was different. McKay had always needed money, and had always had to work hard for it. Warren was not sure that he would feel as he did if he had come from McKay's world. He had an idea that it would not have made any difference, but he was not sure. There was no way in which he could be sure.

They were flying between two layers of cloud. The top deck was very high and solid, with a dirty grey under-surface; below them the clouds were broken and scattered, with long shafts between them, through which the turbulent dark ocean showed. McKay signalled with his hand, and Warren dropped the nose of the ship. They went down through one of the apertures and levelled out a few hundred feet above the rolling waves.

The wind was strong enough to put white caps on the waves. McKay leaned forward and studied them intently. A white cap poised for a few seconds before it flew away. McKay's pencil moved.

"North-west wind," he said, "about 12."

He went back to his calculations, and Warren held the course. Fog closed over them as they

neared the coast, and they flew blind through a grey blanket that smothered down upon them, and that blew in torn shreds from the propellers. McKay took over the controls, and they felt their way along the coast that they could not see.

"We're pretty close," McKay was frowning at the instruments. Warren nodded. They were running on a schedule compounded of time, fuel-consumption, compass-readings, and power-output. Every indication gave testimony of their nearness to their objective—but the obscuring curtain failed to lift.

"Be nice if we could tune in a beam signal now," he said.

McKay grunted. "Be nice for the Germans, too."

They were flying high to clear the mountains; suddenly McKay spotted a hole in the fog and dived through. A gray, wet valley spread beneath them, and McKay dropped lower still. He swore softly, but it was the profanity of relief.

"Right on the nose, kid," he said. "Bonny Scotland!"

They roared out over a flat and desolate plain. McKay was making the engines stutter, and fitting the stutter into a definable pattern of sound. There was a sureness, a rightness about everything he did; and Warren experienced, as he often did, a throb of envy. They were completing a second circle above the field when a tiny plane seemed to come out of the very ground below them.

It taxied through a long arc, stopped to run its engines against the brakes, then resumed its taxiing in a straight line. McKay cut the gun on the big American bomber and came down on the line behind the small ship's exhaust. He hit lightly and rolled. Warren whipped a rubber band around the log. They had left one speck of earth's surface, flown over two thousand miles, and landed squarely on another speck. That was McKay's work.

In that moment Warren felt a twinge of fear at the relationship that existed between McKay and himself. In all the things that counted McKay was the stronger. If one of them ultimately had to surrender his beliefs, as one of them probably would, it would not be Hugh McKay.

And McKay did the inconceivably heroic with quiet efficiency—for the money that was in it.

The plain on which the big ship landed was bleak and bare of human habitation; but it was studded with low hillocks. In these mounds, and under them, the R.A.P. maintained its hangars, its repair-shops, and its quarters. The day had gone when McKay and Warren, bathed, shaved, and fortified with sleep, stepped out into the blue dusk on the way to supper.

There was a girl approaching the mound from the opposite direction; a girl who walked with somewhat the swagger of McKay, for all the fact that she would not have come to his shoulder. She was wearing jodhpurs and a khaki sweater, with low shoes and golf stockings in lieu of boots. Her dark hair billowed out around her oval face, and her air cap rode jauntily and a bit cockeyed upon the crest.

She saw the two men approaching and waited for them. McKay looked at her appreciatively.

"Hello, England!" he said.

The girl lifted one eyebrow, but she smiled. "I am from Scotland," she said, "and—"

"Okay, Scotland," McKay grinned.

The girl extended her hand to Warren, ignoring McKay. "I am Janet Logan," she said. "I hear

that you flew that bomber in this morning."

Warren flushed as he took her hand. "Dick Warren," he said. He nodded towards McKay. "He flew it in. He is—"

"Not without a lot of help, he didn't. I know the type."

She looked challengingly at McKay, and McKay's grin widened. The grim lines vanished when he was enjoying himself, but he was still hard, definitely hard. He extended his hand.

"You are probably right," he said; "and my name is Hugh McKay."

The girl straightened, and her eyes were wide, startled. "No!" she said. "Not Hugh McKay!"

McKay stared at her, then he laughed. "Okay, Scotland," he said. "You win. You never heard of me in your life before, but that was a swell act. I'm licked."

The girl shook herself. "Mr. McKay," she said, "that was not an act."

They entered the mound, McKay still chuckling. There was a flight of twelve steps down to a rock-hewn passage that turned right; beyond that there was a large room

with long tables at right angles to the wall in the centre of the room, and smaller tables lining the walls. Janet Logan took it for granted that they would have dinner with her, and led the way to a wall table.

"Tell me about yourselves," she said, when they were seated.

McKay's eyes mocked her. "The story of our lives, you mean?"

The two Americans sat facing her across the table. Her eyes moved towards McKay.

"Of course," she said.

McKay nodded. "Tell her, Warren," he said. He picked up a regulations card from the table and studied it. Warren flushed and threw him a look of resentment.

"It's very dull," he said. "Tell us about you. What do you do?"

The girl smiled, and she did not look at McKay. "I just fly," she said. "I got in this morning just before you did."

Warren asked: "From where?"

She waved her hand. "Military secret. I'm a ferry pilot. This is a pretty important depot, you know. Ships have to be flown in and out."

"You mean that you fly them down to England?"

"Often."

Warren shook his head. "You might be shot. A German wouldn't know you were a girl."

"He wouldn't care. He would just shoot the ship," McKay had entered the conversation at last.

Janet's eyes flicked to him again.

"They never have. Our own anti-aircraft have taken a few tries at me, though."

She was still smiling, but she had brought the war to the dinner-table. Warren, in his place, considered that she was a lot like McKay. There was a bit of show-off to her, but she probably took the jobs that came her way without ever breaking stride.

Now the room was filling; the centre tables were being occupied by men in a wide variety of costume. Many of them wore only slacks and shirts; others wore regulation uniforms. There were a few officers at the long tables, with other men, obviously members of volunteer squads of one kind or another, without military status. Janet Logan nodded towards them.

"To us your attitude seems — well, a bit mercenary," Wing-Commander Brewster told Hugh stiffly.

"The new Britain," she said. "Getting bombed is what does it. You can't lie down in a raid shelter with a silk hat on."

McKay grunted. "It won't last, Scotland. Some day the bombs will stop dropping; then things will go back as they were."

The girl frowned. "What do you know about it? You haven't been through any of it."

An orderly brought food and set it silently on the table. McKay took a roll and broke it, his eyes level to the girl's.

"You are nice, Scotland," he said, "but your countrymen bore me. Don't let's talk about them."

For a moment their eyes duelled; then Janet Logan's shoulders moved in a half shrug. "My countrymen do not need defending," she said.

They were hungry, and they ate like hungry people. The girl asked what flying conditions were like over the Atlantic, and Warren told her, waiting first to give McKay the chance that he did not take. They were eating dessert, a pale kind of pudding with no distinctive flavor, when a stocky, black-moustached man joined their table. He was wearing the powder-blue uniform of the Air Corps, with the piping of a Wing-Commander on his sleeve.

He bowed gravely to Janet and Warren, and shook hands with McKay, whom he obviously knew. McKay introduced him as Wing-Commander Brewster.

"I will only interrupt your dinner for a moment, Captain McKay," he said, dropping into a vacant chair. "We are sending some of the old-type bombers to Canada for the training squadrons. Would you undertake to fly one back?"

McKay looked thoughtful. "It isn't in my contract."

"I know. The ship, however, is perfectly airworthy, although not up to war needs. Flying it implies no more hazard than passage on a transport, these days."

McKay smiled grimly. "I am paid according to the terms of my contract," he said.

There was a tense silence. The British officer stiffened obviously. "I see," he said. "Well, that matter can easily be arranged through a note to our people in Canada."

Please turn to page 20





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# COMMON PEOPLE

Final instalment of our  
£1000 prizewinning serial

IT had grown colder and there was a fire burning brightly in the room in which Rena Maroni had died. Drawn up to it was a big easy chair, its back to the hall door. Estelle, the armless girl, sat in it knitting, skilfully manipulating the needles with her toes. Occasionally she glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece. She was listening hard.

At last there was a knock upon the door. The girl dropped her knitting and stood up, slipping her feet into her shoes. She walked over and stood by the door.

"Please come in," she said. "Push." Rorke entered. Estelle said: "Oh, it's you—I didn't expect. I was waiting—" She stopped in confusion.

"Waiting for what?" He stepped into the room, uninvited.

"I'm expecting a message about my show," she said. "Marie has the phone, you know—Marie Sapallo." She indicated the big chair. "Won't you sit down? I suppose you want to ask me some questions. If you wouldn't mind I'll run up and give Marie a message; then we can talk. That's if—"

"Go ahead," he said with unexpected affability. "I'll keep five minutes."

"I won't be long," she said, and was out of the room. She pulled the door with her foot and he heard the lock click.

Very swiftly he crossed and opened the door of the adjoining bedroom and looked round. He opened a wardrobe door and peered inside. He looked under the bed. Then he went into the kitchenette. Returning, he busied himself about the living-room for a moment or two and then sat down in the easy chair and crossed his legs comfortably before the blaze, his back to the door.

When he heard it open he said, without turning: "You weren't long."

There was no response and, without getting up, he turned his head and looked over his shoulder. Pel was standing inside the room, a suitcase in his hand. The other hand held a key and was reaching for the door as if he were about to beat a hasty retreat.

"Come back here," Rorke cried, springing to his feet, and Pel obeyed reluctantly. He put his suitcase down and came forward.

"What is this?" Rorke asked. "A love nest?"

Pel said: "What are you doing here, Rorke?"

Rorke snapped: "Mr. Rorke to you, and I do the asking."

Pel took out a cigarette. "I'm not answering anything without a lawyer."

"Oh, yes, you are. What's this sudden interest in the armless wonder? What are you doing with a key to her flat?"

"I'm her friend," Pel said, surlily. "Can't a man have a friend?"

Rorke laughed nastily. "And you're Bella's friend too. It seems to me you perverts go round swooping women."

Pel said quietly: "There's one key I haven't got."

"Oh, yeah."

"The key to Box 0093X."

There was silence while Rorke glared. Pel's eyes did not falter. Rorke said at length: "What are you talking about?"

"You should know—Mr. Gregory," Rorke stared for a moment; then he said: "You're nuts. Talk some way I can understand."

Pel threw his cigarette into the fire. His eye wandered to the clock. He turned on Rorke: "All right," he said, "and keep your ears peeled. You're Joseph Gregory, care Madame Josephine Gregory, 30 Albany Street, Ballington—an address which doesn't exist. You're a cheap crook and a blackmailer."

"You little swine," Rorke interrupted angrily. "You dare—" "Shut up and listen," Pel said, and there was confidence and authority in his tone. "Your real address is a post-office box. I've already told you the number."

Rorke's face was livid. "By heck," he cried, "I don't know what you mean, but I'll get you for it. You'll have to prove—"

Pel shook his head. "Speel the printer has supplied the proofs."

Just for the fraction of a second an expression of relief crossed the other's face. "Speel!" he said. "I don't know him. Oh, you're mad. You've been among freaks too long."

Pel said calmly: "Madame Whatsher-name got a printing job done. When you read the proof for your little business card you made a wonderful set of finger-prints."

Rorke's mouth fell open. His fists clenched as if he would strike. Then his expression changed to one of cunning. He looked at the closed door.

"You poor little mutt," he said, "I'll soon alibi myself out of that."

Pel took out another cigarette and offered his case: "You admit you're Gregory?"

Rorke waved the case away. He laughed. With another glance at the door he said, "Why shouldn't I—to you?"

"Meaning?"

"Meaning, Mr. Smart Alick Pelham, that the word of Joseph Rorke means more in this town than the word of a little shyster showman who is running a fake starving man."

"Was running?" Pel corrected.

"A dirty little snipe," Rorke continued, "who's been just clever enough to keep out of gaol all his rotten little life. Who's going to believe you?"

Pel shrugged. "I got friends," he said.

"Freaks!" Rorke said. "Fake tattooed women, giants, midgets—all the riff-raff of the carnivals. No one decent's going to believe you. If I'm Joseph Gregory for business reasons, that's my affair. Well, I am Joseph Gregory and much good may it do you. We're all alone, Mr. Pelham, and we can exchange confidence. But when we go out of here I'm going to forget every little word I've said to you. Every little word."

From his pocket he pulled a small cigar, and with an impatient gesture bit off the end and spat it into the grate. He struck a match and let the cigar draw for a minute and said: "Yes, my dear shyster, I can alibi myself out of Mr. Speel's precious proof if there is such a thing."

"Oh, there is," Pel said, "indeed there is." He fished in his pocket and brought it out. Rorke leaned forward and snatched the paper.

"Give that back," Pel cried excitedly.

Rorke easily held him away. "What a simple little fellow it is," he said. "Now we'll drop Mr. Speel's nasty little proof into the fire—so—and nasty little Pel will be believed less than ever."

Pel rushed at him. "Curse you, Rorke," he cried. "Some day someone's going to choke the life out of you like you choked the life out of Rena Maroni!"

Rorke dropped his cigar and seized Pel's arm. He held him easily, but the grip was savage.

"You little swine!" he said between clenched teeth. "There's one thing you've got to learn. Murder's the only crime for which you can't suffer twice. I ought to kill you now just as I killed Rena Maroni. Yeah, I can tell you that, too, Mr. Clever. Just between ourselves like, because you can't do a thing. Because, when you tell it, what will they say? They'll say it's



"Get back or I'll shoot," snarled the killer.

little Pel's imagination. It's his inventive genius.

"Pelham hates Rorke because Rorke's on to him and he'll say anything. They'll laugh at you, you crazy little rat."

He threw Pel away from him so that he fell back on the big chair where he sat, his head in his hands, muttering: "Fancy you telling me this, and I can't do a thing."

Rorke patted him on the shoulder with mock commiseration. He said: "Don't be downhearted. Store it up in your mind. Spill the beans. See if they'll believe you."

"They won't," Pel said miserably. "The two most sensible words you've ever said," Rorke spoke lightly. "But watch your step, Pelham. I don't let anyone stand in my way. Get me."

"I get you. Leave me alone and I'm dumb."

"You'd better be." He looked at the clock on the mantel. "Where the heck is your freak friend?"

Pel got to his feet. "I guess," he said, "she's gone to fetch Linley." Rorke swung round on him, but before he could reply there was a

own lowered as if he were loath to hear a charge against a colleague. Rorke answered him, his voice full of sarcasm: "Tell him, little Pel! When?"

"Just now," Pel said, "a moment or two before you came in."

"Was Carey here?"

"No," Pel said.

Rorke grinned. "Carry on with the farce," he said. "Don't mind me."

Linley said: "It means little without a witness, Pelham."

"He's a dangerous little—" Rorke said, using an unpleasant epithet.

"I told you, Mr. Linley, that I'd have a witness," Pel said. "Dan, bring my suitcase."

The carnival man picked it up and set it down. Pel unclasped the locks of the cheap fibre bag and they all heard a long, drawn sigh. Micklewitz stood up and stretched himself as the lid was raised. Pel put his hands under the midget's arm-pits and lifted him out. He said: "Did you get it, Mick?"

"Every word. He said he killed Rena Maroni."

Salvi started forward. "Rena," he cried. "Now I remember, Pelham. The

thing I couldn't recall about the telephone message. The voice whispered: 'It's Rena speaking. Come down quick.' Rena! No one ever called her that."

He looked savagely at Rorke. "No one but you. I remember now that's what you called her in my tent at the showgrounds."

"It's a rotten frame-up," Rorke shouted. "Who's going to take the word of a bunch like this?"

Linley ignored the question. Instead, he asked Rorke: "What made you come here to-night?"

"Why shouldn't I?" Rorke retorted angrily. "I believe in tailing 'em up. When I heard the armless wonder had shifted her traps down here I wondered. I thought I'd drop in and ask a few things."

"I see." The detective turned to Estelle. "You should have told me you had moved," he said, and then asked Rorke: "When did you find out she was here?"

"Yesterday," Rorke said. "They're in cahoots—little Pel and the armless dame. It's a love nest, Linley."

He turned to the sword-walker. "And how do you like that, Salvi?"

He turned to Linley again. "They were all in it if you ask me. They're all trying to shield someone. Can't you see . . . ?"

Linley said coldly: "Estelle doesn't live in this flat. It's been closed ever since the Maroni girl died. I arranged for it to be opened and the fire set and for Estelle to move

in only a couple of hours ago. You came here, Rorke, in response to a letter Estelle addressed to Joseph Gregory. We've got your prints on the proof of a card Speel the printer set up."

"It's another lie," Rorke exclaimed savagely. "Where is it? Show me this precious proof."

"He burned it," Pel said, "as I thought he would. It doesn't matter. Mr. Linley already had the prints and a photostat."

"I've never spoken to Speel in my life," Rorke cried. "I wouldn't know him if I saw him."

Please turn to page 14



A Case for Steedman's

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# Cadbury's BOURNVILLE COCOA





# My brother is a Cadet-Midshipman of R.A.N.



FUTURE NAVAL OFFICERS. Cadet-Midshipmen in training at the Royal Australian Naval College, in Victoria.



TAKING A SUN SIGHT. Instructor Lieut.-Commander G. Lucas, R.A.N., shows Cadet-Midshipman P. Cobban (N.S.W.) how to take a sun sight.

## Four years of hard work turn schoolboys into sailors

By a CADET'S SISTER

My brother received his appointment as Cadet-Midshipman to the Royal Australian Naval College in Victoria this year, when he was 13 years old.

He left home wearing his grey school suit and we did not see him again until three months later, when he came home the other day in the uniform of Cadet-Midshipman of the Royal Australian Navy.

HE was an inch taller, 12lb. heavier, and he had a new vocabulary.

When he went out wearing his regulation number one rig there was much speculation on his rank, and so on, by people in the street.

One man asked him how many times he had been torpedoed, and his brother called him "The Pocket Admiral."

But to all these comments and inquiries he maintained a frozen silence.

"After all, it is the Silent Service," he would say to us.

Cadets are issued with several different uniforms, all of them numbered.

On his arrival from the station my brother said to me: "Well, I think I'll change into my No. 4s, negative tie."

"Negative tie?" I said.

"Yes," he said. "Negative means without in the Navy."

We were not so forgetful either. If he did not want beans with his dinner he used to say, "Negative beans, thank you, mother!" Or when we played bridge, "I seem to be negative trumps."

Rain was "dirty weather," and an attractive girl had "trim lines."

### Kind seamstress

MOTHER asked him who mended the boys' clothes at the college.

"Oh, our seamstress comes every week," he said.

"Is she a good sort?" said mother.

"All depends what you mean by a good sort," he answered. "She's a nice, kind soul, if that's what you mean."

He used to sit in the sun on the front porch and tell us about life at college, and the other cadets.

He thought of the day when, like seniors, he would be allowed to walk and not have to run across the quarter-deck (parade ground in front of college).

Then he can have cuffs and pockets in his pants, and wear his blazer unbuttoned.

He always told us that the real reason he joined the Navy was to escape the washing-up and domestic chores that came his way at home.

After dinner on his first night's leave he was drying up when mother said to him: "Well, was it worth joining the Navy to get away from all this?"

After a smirk and a short silence, he announced that "he was out of the frying-pan into the fire," as part of his duties at Flinders consisted of polishing the brass in "heads, lobby stairs, and gun rooms."



SHIP'S BELL. Cadet-Midshipman R. Seale strikes the ship's bell, which is near the front door of the Naval College.

Common rooms are called gun-rooms, and practically all the fittings are brass.

Sea trips are arranged each year, when cadets are taught practical seamanship.

I asked my brother if any of the first-years were seasick.

"None of us admitted it, but we were all pretty green about the gills the first day," he said.

Cadets are allowed 11ld. a day "slope" money ("slope" is the name given to Navy stores).

After their first issue of uniforms all clothes and equipment are bought with this allowance.

We were slightly surprised when the lad told us his first "slope" purchase had been four bath towels.

"None of the other kids have as many as four," he said.

Presents for the family included a bosun's pipe for me and a History of the Australian Navy for mother.

These were bought from his 1/- a week pocket-money.

He is now back at the college, and we had a letter from him yesterday saying football and frosts have started.

Of the eight hundred boys from the Commonwealth who apply to sit for the entrance examination each year an average of 16 are appointed and go through a four-year course.

Any 13-year-old boy may sit for the examination, but he must measure up to a very high standard physically and educationally to be among those chosen.

These boys, or "hands," as they are called at the college, are Australia's naval officers of the future.

Training is strict, discipline is severe.



TURNING OUT. At 7.15 a.m. Cadet-Midshipmen P. Coombs, 13 (Vic.), and K. Barnett, 13 (N.S.W.), leap smartly out of their bunks. They must have a shower and be fully dressed in 45 minutes.



AT LUNCHEON. Cadet-Captain I. Broben (Vic.) serves chops to Cadet-Midshipmen Martin (N.S.W.) and R. Brokenshaw (S.A.).

No slackness is allowed. Cadets turn out at 7.15 a.m., and must have a cold shower and dress in four and a half minutes.

From that time until they turn in at nine o'clock, which they must do in three minutes, including folding their clothes neatly for the morning, they work or do physical training or sports all day.

Sunday afternoon is the only time they have to themselves.

This they spend in the gun-room, which is their recreation room.

Visitors to the college who see them moving at a smart trot at all times usually ask why they're all in such a hurry.

The answer is that midshipmen always move "at the double," a smart trot of about 150 paces a minute, unless excused because of illness or injury.

Cadets do all ordinary school subjects up to a standard of Leaving

PIPING FOR MEALS. Cadet-Captain E. Stevens (S.A.), Cadet-Midshipman P. Cooper (Vic.), and Cadet-Midshipman H. Dillon (Vic.) call cadets to luncheon.

Physical training is carried out with skilled instructors, and sports are organised by experienced leaders.

Cadets must play all sports, rugby, cricket, tennis, hockey, soccer, and squash, as well as swimming, sculling, and sailing.

The college seamstress is Mrs. Sydney Cooper, who has mended and sewed for cadets for 12 years.

Her father and her late husband were both sailors. She has three daughters, one in the W.A.A.A.P., one in a cigarette factory, and one learning millinery.

She has always longed for sons, and considers the cadets an adopted family.

The training college was moved from Jervis Bay in 1929, so that cadets could share facilities of the naval depot and save the expense of separate establishments.

Its rambling red-roofed buildings are set in gardens and lawns, and green-turfed parade grounds, and there are many reminders of history and tradition about them.

Near the front door is a bell which came from H.M.S. Nelson, nineteenth century flagship, and this is used as the "ship's bell" for the establishment.

On the walls beside the stairs hang group pictures of all cadet-midshipmen who have passed through the college since it was established in 1913.

Outside the front gate is a revolution transmitter which came from the engine-room of H.M.A.S. Sydney, of the last war (the ship which sank the Emden).

Now it is used to register the number of days left until leave time.



# Editorial

JULY 3, 1943.

## THE FOURTH OF JULY

**I**NDEPENDENCE DAY, the glorious Fourth of July, has a deep significance for British as well as American people this year, when the two nations are united in the most important and hazardous enterprise of their long histories.

On this day America recalls her historic declaration of the right of every man to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

*This faith in freedom as the only basis for a way of life is inherited from and shared with Britain.*

The ties between the two — ties of common speech, common ancestry, common ideals — have always been strong.

In recent years they have been further strengthened by recognition of a common danger and finally welded by alliance against a common enemy.

All round the world, men of both countries are working and fighting side by side for the ideals symbolised by Independence Day.

So when the King flew to North Africa to review his victorious fighting men, he also visited American armies which had helped to shape their triumph.

*In the coming months they will share many more victories with their other Allies, until the last white flag is raised in Berlin—or Berchtesgaden.*

The union of the two nations will endure. They have a peacetime job to do as well. It is the job of seeing that every citizen of the world gets his chance of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

—THE EDITOR.

# BATTLEFRONT Ballads

## The Ship in a Bottle

**I**N a waterfront window I chanced to behold,  
Among all the orders of hot food and cold,  
A ship in a bottle a sailor had made,  
In watches below, swinging south of the Trades,  
While his shipmates were mending old dungaree suits,  
Or patching up oilskins, or leaky sea boots,  
Some whittling a model, or painting a chest,  
Or smoking and yarning or watching the rest.

In fancy I see him all weathered and brown,  
With crow'sfeet and wrinkles his eyelids around,  
A pipe in his teeth that are little the worse  
For hardships, biscuits, or stringy salt horse.  
On his hairy forehead a gaudy tattoo  
Of a bold-looking female in scarlet and blue,  
Hands that are toughened, roughened and scarred  
From hoisting and hauling, both calloused and hard.

His fingers so crooked you'd wonder that still  
He could handle and fashion with patience and skill  
That tiny full-rigger destined to ride  
To its cable of thread on a green painted tide.  
In its wine-bottle world as the old world goes on,  
Till the sailor who made her is long dead and gone.

Sometimes he'd sit with such a  
toy on his knee,  
And tell you his tales of the ships  
and the sea.

Thermopylae, Lightning, Black  
Ball, and Red Jacket,  
And many another such famous old packet  
Of many a bucko and dare-devil skipper  
In Liverpool barque or China tea clipper.

Of the storms that they weathered and the races  
well run,  
And the records they broke in the days that are done,  
Sometimes he would sing you an old-fashioned song,  
Some old sailor's chanty both mournful and long,  
With its queer little pauses, trebles and wavers,  
Of privateers, smugglers, shipmates, and sailors.

So in fancy I see and in fancy I hear  
The hum of the shrouds and the creak of the gear,  
The patter of reef-points and topsails a-quiver,  
The song of the jibs as they tauten and shiver.

And I think of my boyhood with its joys and its pain,  
And those shipmates I loved who I'll ne'er see again,  
While the ship in the bottle goes gliding away  
Through oceans of glory and light summer spray,  
To flying fish weather with the wind on the beam,  
To those ships that are gone on the winds of a dream.

—ABLE-SEAMAN A. H. LUTTRELL.

## New Guinea Exile

**T**HIS is a land where men have fought and  
died.  
Here in these mountains they have toiled  
and known  
Day after day, in mud, on steep cliffside,  
Tangled with vines, together or alone,  
Such fear as none can know who have not  
been  
In this wild land, this hell of jungle green.

Here is a world apart from that of man —  
A world in which the savage even seems  
Civil and tame, compared with that wild  
clan,  
Whose savage lust, whose mad, ferocious  
dreams  
Have driven them and us to its strange  
shore  
To fight — some to remain for evermore.

Will there, in some dim future, dawn a day  
When we who led this crazy, unreal life  
Waken again to see, in trim array,  
The radiant form of a beloved wife,  
Our children without fear, the little lawn,  
And flowers in the quiet, warless dawn?

—CPL. J. J. McALLIFFE.

## BLITZ-WORN ANGEL

Dedicated to Sisters of the 2/3 A.G.H., Veterans of Palestine,  
Greece, Crete, New Guinea.

**T**HE modern Nightingale  
Is every whit as frail  
As the Lady With the Lamp of long ago;  
But of such metal she is made  
To walk with fear—unafraid,  
And the soldiers call their blitz-worn Angel, "Flo!"

She makes sunshine out of rain,  
Can camouflage your pain  
With a smile framed in a halo stiff with starch;  
She produces Pot-Brom-Chloral,  
Paints you green, mauve or floral,  
So you look like green September in grey March.

Dawn! She robs you of your rest  
As she sponges you with cast,  
Then smoothes you in powder—strong with scent . . .  
Pours an evil-tasting brew,  
Of a most offensive hue—  
But you drink to save a lot of argument.

Her thermometer and chart  
Casts you in the dumbest part,  
(You must love her like a mule—and hold your  
breath),  
Oh, they're very, very wise,  
Are those grave, revealing eyes  
That have measured life and sat awhile with death.

Grey, green, blue, or black as jet,  
They're the eyes of a coquette  
When with demure they sometimes seem to dance;  
Yet Midway With the Lamp  
Is not what you'd call a vamp,  
Though I know she dreams in secret of romance—

The romance of lovely things,  
Orchids, scent, engagement rings—  
Precious, silly, frilly things she's sacrificed—  
For the right to go and fight,  
To be bombed and strafed at night,  
To heroic toil that never can be priced.

And in her you'll discover,  
A mother and a brother—  
More, a sister and a sweetheart on the side;  
You just lose to see her smile,  
(Though you know it's mixed with guile),  
If she turns it on for you, you're filled with pride . . .

Now wherever I may go  
I am certain that my Flo  
Will watch over me and guard me with her Lamp;  
And if God takes my advice,  
In a soldier's Paradise,  
He will give to Flo the freedom of HIS Camp . . .

—BY PRIVATE X, who was a patient at 2/3 A.G.H.

## Seventh Birthday

**T**HE house that you have built in-  
side my heart  
Has windows bright with all your  
smiles and tears;  
A stairway of your first slow baby  
steps,  
As haltingly you climbed the im-  
patient years,  
Your baby laughter rings inside  
there yet,  
Remindful of those proudly off-told  
times—  
Your first wee tooth, first fall, first  
plate and spoon,  
First birthday—ONE! First prayers,  
and nursery rhymes,  
You skip now through the house  
inside my heart,  
With all the vigor growing limbs  
can find,  
Sowing new memories as you laugh-  
ingly go,  
Romp through the hallways of  
my mind.

Saying good night into your eyes, I see  
Your mother, you and I, in our  
made heaven,  
And humble with proud wonder is  
my kiss,  
For you are seven now—Seven,  
Seven . . .

—SGT. WARD LEOPOLD.



## TO A TRAM

**H**URRY, tram; your noisy coming  
Fills my heart with sweet de-  
light.

Happily I climb aboard you,  
Rumble, tramcar, through the  
night.

Rumble down that dim-lit highway,  
Singing your metallic theme,  
Though you're crowded to the foot-  
board

There is room, I find, to dream.

Clang your bell! It is sweet music,  
Blending with the iron roll  
Of your wheels upon the tramline.  
And the hissing of your pole  
As it plucks from out the cable  
Sparks of fire that gleam and play,  
Glow like fireflies above you  
As you rumble on your way.

You are bearing me, for twopence,  
At this jaunty, jerky pace,  
To a certain dim street corner  
Where shall be my trysting-place.  
For she's waiting in the shadows,  
Dreaming dreams akin to mine,  
As she watches for your headlight  
Shining down the stretch of line.  
Next stop! My heart is pounding,  
Wind is plucking at my hair  
As I lean far out the window . . .  
Then I see her waiting there!  
Pull the bell cord, I am leaping  
From the footboard to the street.  
See, how your conductor's frowning  
As I'm reeling on my feet.

Happily she waves her welcome—  
Soon into my arms she's crept,  
And we know the joy of living  
Now our trust is truly kept.  
I am thankful, city tramcar,  
As I feel her soft caress,  
For your bringing me two sections  
Down the road of happiness.

—MAX PATCHEN, R.A.A.F.

## Veil of Stars

**L**ONG nights, beneath the  
northern veil of stars,  
'Mid staggering trees, a-droop with  
thirst unquenched,  
Dead, yellow grass and fallen russet  
leaves—  
The earth, with tropic rain, asks  
to be drenched.

Half-shadowed tents merge in the  
darkened scrub  
Where queer long, pointed an-  
t-hills ghostly stand;  
The veil of stars hangs poised o'er  
total war,  
Away, in this forgotten northern  
land.

Oh! veil of stars, wherein God  
surely dwells,  
Oh! Heavens beyond which no  
mere man can see,  
Help our crusade against our man-  
strous foes . . .  
We'll fight, e'en unto death . . .  
with faith in Thee.

—SGT. N. J. MYERS.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep



# As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

THE present week is likely to prove unspectacular for the majority of people.

Those most likely to enjoy good fortune are Cancerians, Pisceans, Scorpians, Taurians, and Virgoans. Capricornians must beware losses and opposition, while many Librans and Arians are likely to be aggravated by difficulties and delays.

## The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Small troubles may seem big ones during the first days of July, but with caution you should overcome most of them. Don't be late, impatient, or careless.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 22): June 29 (especially between noon and dusk) can prove quite fortunate. July 4 (early afternoon only) fair.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 22): Consolidate past gains now and avoid new ventures of importance. June 29 (from 2 p.m. to 8 p.m.) very helpful. Matters started previously may eventuate desirably then. On July 1 (near 9 a.m. and from 2 p.m. to 8 p.m.) similar conditions apply.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 23): Good times now for most Cancerians, but you must work hard to turn hopes into facts. June 29 (from 2 p.m. to 8 p.m.) good; July 1 (to 9 a.m. and after 2 p.m.) good; with rest of the day fair. July 2 and 3 fair; July 4 (from noon to dusk) good, but forenoon poor.

**LEO** (July 23 to August 24): Routine best for you, though July 4 (dusk hours), July 5 (sunrise) and July 6 (from 7 to 9 a.m.) fair.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to September 23): Recent difficulties now seem lighter, and semi-important matters can be tried. June 29 (from 2 p.m. to 8 p.m.) good, then poor; July 4 (from 2 p.m. to 8 p.m.) fair.

**LIBRA** (September 23 to October 24): Avoid over-confidence. Difficulties can beset your affairs. This is particularly so on July 1, 3, and 4. Keep to routine affairs, and dodge lateness, discord, worry, and obstacles.

**SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 23): Good fortune possible, but work hard for it. July 1 (between 7 and 9 a.m. and from 2 to 7 p.m.) good; July 2 very fair; July 3 fair; July 4 (to forenoon) fair, then poor to noon, but very good thereafter to 4 p.m.; then tricky. June 29 and July 5 and 6 poor.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23 to December 23): July 4 (from noon to dusk) helpful; July 5 (around sunrise) and July 6 (to 9 a.m.) just fair.

**CAPRICORN** (December 23 to January 20): Beware losses, separations, opposition, and disappointment or arguments on July 2 (evening), July 3, and July 4 (forenoon worst). A week for routine.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20 to February 19): Routine affairs best now, though June 29 (around dusk only), June 30 (dawn), July 1 (from 6 to 9 a.m. and from 2 to 7 p.m.) and July 4 (afternoon) can be surprisingly helpful. Past efforts may bear good fruit then.

**PISCES** (February 19 to March 21): Work hard for good fortune now. June 29 (noon to 4 p.m.) very good, then poor to July 2 (early). July 3 fair; July 4 (forenoon) poor with the afternoon very good and evening fair. Seek promotion, changes, favors, and happiness now.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

## FILM GUIDE

\*\*\* **Commandos Strike at Dawn**. Sincerely acted and finely produced film story of inhabitants of Norwegian fishing village, and their gallant fight against Nazi invaders. Paul Muni gives a magnificent performance, though heroine Anna Lee is slightly colorless.—State; showing.

\*\*\* **Hitler's Children**. Gripping, but at times over-morbid, story, dealing with Hitler's savage educational system. Scenes of unparalleled brutality, but for Bonita Granville and Tim Holt this show is an acting triumph.—Plaza; showing.

\*\*\* **Somewhere I'll Find You**. Gable and Turner in patchy romance of South-West Pacific war correspondents. Gable's last film before joining up, and he seems rather strained, while Turner glove-fits her Harlow role. Bob Sterling attractive as Gable's young brother.—St. James; showing.

**Mug Town**. Very dull film built around remnants of the Dead End Kids. Story unconvincing, and comedy hopelessly inadequate. Grace McDonald is the girl.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.



# Mandrake the Magician



**MANDRAKE**: Master magician, **LOTHAR**: His giant Nubian servant, and **PRINCESS NARDA**: Of Cockaigne, have decided to investigate the mystery of the disappearance of bank money, with the theft of which

**TELLER SMITH**: Has been charged. He cannot account for the loss of 5000 dollars in notes. All he can say is that he was counting the money, with a customer with heavy

eyebrows standing at the window, when the notes vanished.

Mandrake has practically decided to abandon the case when Princess Narda, while acting as cashier at a big charity bazaar, suddenly finds that a large sum of money she had been counting has disappeared. A stranger with heavy eyebrows was talking to her at the time.

NOW READ ON:





# A.I.F. Entertainment Unit's two years abroad



**MUSIC LESSON.** Sergeant Jock Sparkes, of A.I.F. Entertainment Unit, teaches a song to a native boy in the Middle East. He later left the unit to entertain patients at the 6th A.G.H.

## Gave 200 shows for troops in New Guinea and Middle East

Australian soldiers in New Guinea sat in pouring tropical rain for three hours to watch the show put on by the A.I.F. ("All In Fun") Entertainment Unit on its first tour of that battlefield.

"That was about the greatest tribute we have had paid to our show," said Sergeant Rex Dawe, assistant producer of the unit, which has returned from seven months in New Guinea.

**E**ARLIER, the unit was in the Middle East for 14 months under the leadership of honorary Lieut.-Colonel Jim Gerald, with honorary Captain Jim Davidson as musical director.

The O.C. is now Lieut. H. W. Garland, who served in the last war. "Our show in the rain was at

Buna, and the audience was composed of troops just back from the front line," said Sergeant Dawe.

"When the rain started we expected them to vanish, but they yelled out to continue, and that they didn't mind getting wet.

"I think that shows how important entertainment is to those lads in New Guinea," he said.

"We got pretty wet, too. We had a rough sort of roof erected over



**FEMALE IMPERSONATORS.** Privates Jimmy Ricketts (right) and Eric Wright sing one of their numbers. Both make their own stage costumes.

the stage, but it leaked in about 50 places.

"The stage was at the bottom of a small gully. The troops were on a hillside looking down on us. The gully formed a natural amphitheatre. There were some thousands in the audience.

"The water ran down the hill and sloshed about the bottom of the stage," added Sergeant Dawe.

"The Japs interrupted another show. Just as we were about to start, 90 bombers came over. The audience did disappear that time. So did we—into slit trenches, costumes on and all.

"At the end of a performance at Oro Bay we watched our fighter-pilots attack Zeros, and saw the Zeros fall from the skies like flies."

### At advanced bases

**T**HE unit gave more than 50 shows in New Guinea, apart from those at hospitals and casualty clearing stations.

Some of the shows were at the most advanced A.I.F. bases, one only 12 miles from the front line.

Most of the performances were in the daytime, because lights could not be shown at night.

The performers did most of their travelling in planes and jeeps.

"The sight of a bunch of soldiers perched in a jeep careering through the jungle, with one of the soldiers clutching a big double bass or a guitar case, always gave us a laugh," said Sergeant Dawe.

"Another unexpected sight in the jungle was that of Privates Eric Wright and Jimmy Ricketts, our female impersonators, sitting in front of their tents renovating a hat or frock for their wardrobes. They are both expert at sewing, and made most of their gowns.

"The tropic climate just about ruined our wardrobe, because the clothes got mildewed if we left them too long in the boxes. On one occasion the rain was so heavy it went through the three covers of canvas we had around the boxes. It took days to dry the things out.

"The worst problem in our transport was our 'portable' stage. It consisted of a thousand nuts and bolts, heavy floor boards, girders, stays, and enough canvas rigging to cover a fair-sized house. It was a day's work to erect and dismantle it.

"We take turns as members of a working party when moving from one camp to another. All our theatrical gear is packed in large crates, and, as well, we have full military equipment, including rifles.

"The unit gave many shows for Americans. They greeted us most enthusiastically," said Sergeant Dawe.

"One of the most popular songs we put over was 'Where's That Old Cobber of Mine?' written and composed by Corporal Laurie Brooks, an American who enlisted in the A.I.F. He also wrote our theme song, 'All In Fun.'"

Eight members of the unit had malaria in New Guinea and went to hospital, but the show went on.



**ON LEAVE.** Members of A.I.F. Entertainment Unit on return from New Guinea. From left: Sergeant Wally Portingale, Sergeant Billy Doyle, and Corporal Laurie Brooks. At rear: Sergeant Rex Dawe and Sergeant Freddy Meredith.



**LUNCH BY THE WAY.** Members of the unit with "The Troopers," European girls who joined it for a tour in Syria.

All 26 members are now on leave.

Afterwards they hope to do a tour of Australia. Although the unit was formed nearly two years ago, it has not yet given a concert in Australia.

In all they have given 200 full-length shows and a hundred impromptu performances and broadcasts.

When in the Middle East the unit lost a number of its men just before the El Alamein battle.

Technicians and drivers and four of the entertainers were called on for the battle.

Every man had full military training before leaving Australia.

During Rommel's first desert advance the unit had to occupy and defend a bridge point.

### For British troops

**D**URING the party's service in the Middle East it was loaned to the British Army to tour Allied camps in Syria.

For this tour it was under the direction of Captain Lance Fairfax, who will be remembered in Australia as the Red Shadow in "The Desert Song."

The unit travelled thousands of miles in Syria and Palestine.

One show was for the students of the American University in Beirut. This was the only time the audience was civilian. It included Hebrews, Lebanese, Jews, and Arabs. The concert was given to return hospitality extended to Australian soldiers by the University.

The audience spoke perfect English . . . but did not understand Australian slang. The members laughed heartily, but threw the show into some slight confusion by laughing in all the wrong places.



**PANTOMIME.** Sergeant Rex Dawe is Cinderella in his own version of the pantomime. This picture was taken by Sergeant Freddy Meredith during an actual performance in New Guinea.

The most advanced point of the tours in the Middle East was Latakia, on the Turkish-Syrian border. Here the boys performed in an old monastery where they had built the stage. In the audience were black-robed Franciscan monks.

In Palestine a company called "The Troopers" was attached to the unit. This company was formed of refugees from Europe. It included Estonian, Polish, Viennese, Hungarian, and Czechoslovakian girls. Among them was Mia Pick, who had been a dancer at the Berlin State Opera House.

They're charming...  
They're clever...  
They're like thousands of  
other Australian girls  
you know!



Hear their true-to-life saga in Radio's  
great story of These Days

**2GB** MONDAY TO THURSDAY 6.43 P.M.



Personal anecdotes from stage stars  
... reminiscences ... that are  
entertaining and instructive ...  
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Sundays 9 p.m.

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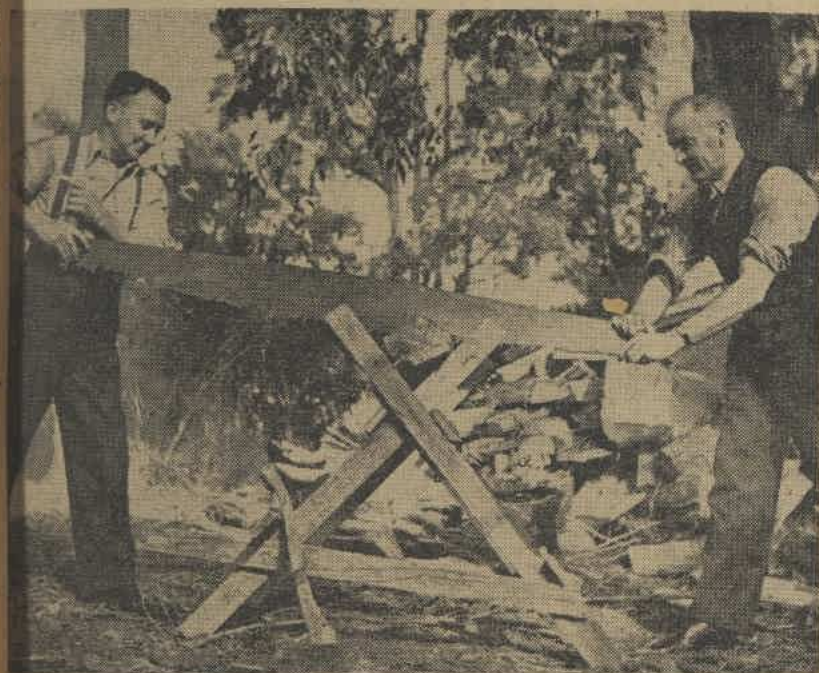
# Munition workers establish own holiday home



**GARDENING** is a change for Nellie Rainford from her work of filling cartridges. She is digging in grounds of munition workers' holiday home.



**MOUNTJOY**, comfortable house at Kalorama, Victoria, is leased by workers at large Victorian explosives factory as a holiday home. Scheme is financed by workers themselves, and run on the lines of similar projects in England.



**WOOD FOR FIRES.** Rupert Gibb, secretary of the factory's social club, and Ernie Withall, electrician, saw wood for the fireplaces of Mountjoy. Social club raised funds to establish and furnish their "home in the hills."



**TENNIS COURT** is popular. Bert Deen lights a cigarette for Poppy Fisher between strenuous sets.



**CHILDREN** enjoy a game in grounds. Home has rooms designed for families as well as single holiday-makers.



**PICNICKERS** come for the day to Mountjoy, as it is within easy reach by both bus and train services from the city. Here girls rest while men in the party take their turn at the washing-up. Many lovely walks may be enjoyed nearby.



**MUSICAL TALENT** is plentiful among the 40 boarders whom the home accommodates for their annual holidays. Guests, who do their own housework, sometimes arrange concerts for the evening, or go to local dances.



## Continuing . . . Common People

from page 7

"No?" Linley said evenly. "Maybe not. You got someone else to call there for you. She fixed up the box address for you, too. We got another set of the proofs — Josephine Gamin's. She's been running a lingerie business under another name, digging out information about silly women so you could blackmail 'em together. You'll remember she's already done three years for the same racket."

"I tell you it's a frame-up," Rorke reiterated, his eyes blazing. "And you're in it, Linley. You're jealous of me."

Estelle went to the mantelpiece and moved the clock. "I put the letters where you told me, Pel. They're gone."

Pel said: "He found them as we intended. I bet they're in his pockets now. Maybe there's one from Sam Kitching among 'em."

Carey went behind Rorke and suddenly grabbed his arms and held him while Pel dived into his coat pocket. "Gee," the showman said, "how I love doing this."

"Here they are," Pel said to Linley, who had been kicking the coals in the fire. "You can let him go, Dan." He went on: "Don't worry, Rorke. There's no money for Mr. Gregory in 'em. We just faked 'em up."

Linley said: "You've got a lot to answer, Rorke. We'd better see the chief. I'm going to tell him I think you were forcing Rena Maroni to blackmail Skin Rogers, and when she wanted to quit you killed her."

"Or," Pel put in, "Rorke killed her because of something Salvi told her." He turned his eyes on Rorke.

"You wanted to get rid of both of them, so after you killed her you cleaned up a bit, wiped the doorkey clean, I guess, and left it in the outside. Then you rang Salvi, making him think Rena was speaking. You knew that would bring him, and that he'd open the door. You never thought of the key coming away in his fingers."

"What key?" Rorke shouted, and added desperately, "one of you murdered the dame and threw the key away."

Pel shook his head. "No," he said. "I found the key in Sapollo's flat on the floor where you and Salvi fell when Wang went for you. I thought Salvi might have dropped it, but I wasn't sure. I had a hunch that something was wrong, so I hid the key under a board in Sapollo's 'tomb.' I guess," he added sadly, "we can dig it out now."

"Lies and guesswork," Rorke said. "It's crazy. It doesn't make sense. I never saw the girl till she was dead." As he glared round at them an inquiring head came round the door.

"I thought I heard someone," Ricketty said, and looked about him blandly. "I was just going up to see poor Mrs. Sapollo and — why!" His eyes fell on Rorke, and he turned excitedly to Pelham. "Pel, that's the chap I saw on Billiga Siding — the bloke who ran away with Paul Maroni's kid."

Suddenly Rorke's hand dropped to his pocket. "Get over there," he said, grimly, motioning with his gun. "Keep your hands up." He darted a nasty look at Estelle. "You expected, of course. I guess you got a car downstairs, Linley. Well, I'll use it, thanking you very much. It'll look funny in the papers. Get away in Police Car." He backed to the door into the passage.

"Remember what I told you, Mr. Smart Allick Pelham. You can't get any extra for a second murder. I don't know why I don't kill you now."

"If you did," Pel said calmly, "it would be your third murder."

For a moment the gun wavered. Then Rorke laughed bitterly. "Little Pel's at it again," he said, derisively. "What's it this time?"

"You killed Sapollo," Pel said. "You poisoned him. If he'd lived he could have proved that you were with Rena Maroni about the time she died. He saw you go into her flat. She'd been expecting Rogers, and when she opened the door she said 'Mr. Rogers,' and when she saw it was you she added, 'Oh.' They were the words Sapollo heard."

"In the 'tomb' Sapollo saw you again, and, thinking you were Rogers, asked you to help him. He was in agony. You put him in worse agony, you cold-blooded devil, but he lived just long enough to tell the world that you had poisoned him, although he didn't realise it."

He looked steadily at Rorke and went on:

"Carey! Salvi! Look at him, Estelle, and you Bella. He's a real gentleman, isn't he? Not riff-raff like us. Look at his nice shirt and collar, and his tie! Particularly look at his tie and the pin in it — the horseshoe pin. Before he died Sapollo wrote a few words to me. He was ashamed that, in his great pain, he had begged a little piece of ham fat. He had told me so many times that his fast was on the level. He was proud of his fasting. This is what he wrote to me, Rorke. I know it by heart."

"Dear Pel: To-night I have been a bad lad. The rules—I have broke him. Monsieur Rogers has give to me a little piece of fat from the ham because I have great pain in my inside. But only Monsieur

Rogers know, Pel. He is good man. He will not tell. When I finish my starve I give to him a present. I buy him a new lucky pin for his tie. I do not like this pin he wears with the horseshoe—"

"That's all he wrote, but it was enough." He looked right into Rorke's eyes. "You killed him as you killed Rena Maroni."

"And as I'm going to kill you!" Rorke added.

"I'm not scared of you," Pel took a step forward.

"Get back, or I'll plug you, you yellow—" Rorke snarled.

"It's you that's yellow," Pel said, contemptuously. "You're frightened to kill in the open. You're only a cheap, blackmailing crook who strangles women and poisons defenceless old chaps like Sapollo. I'd like you to be hanged. If you shoot me it'll make a cert of it."

Bella cried: "Pel, don't be crazy. He'll fire!"

All at once Carey made a move. His hand went to his pocket, but, before he could pull his gun, Rorke had fired at him. The carnival man crumpled against the big chair.

"You're next, Pelham," Rorke said, and pointed his revolver. Bella screamed and covered her face with her hands.

Pel said: "You're afraid to do it." "Oh, yeah?" Rorke raised the gun slightly. "Watch this. Right between the eyes."

Pel stared back at him as the gun lifted. It was almost shoulder high when his eyes widened and his lips parted. Rorke said: "Oh! Little Pel is getting scared."

Next moment the gun dropped as two huge hands closed about his neck from behind. His eyes bulged. Choking sounds issued from his strangled throat. His body twisted helplessly and then hung limp.

"Let go. Let go!" Linley shouted, and turned in desperation to Carey. "Make him let go."

But it was Pel who said commandingly: "Wang! Let go."

The giant's heavy eyelids lifted. His great brown eyes smiled at Pel. But he still held Rorke.

"Let-go!" Pel demonstrated with his hands.

A slow, understanding smile spread over the Chinaman's face. Slowly the huge paws relaxed their hold and fell away from Rorke's throat as if he had forgotten what he was doing or had lost all interest. The body fell to the floor and the giant stepped over it and walked to the fire. He sat down in the big chair with his back to them gazing at the coals.

Linley knelt by Rorke's side and made a hasty examination. "He's done for," he said. "I think his neck's broken." He turned to Carey, who was sitting up, leaning against the back of the big chair. Estelle kneeling beside him, Bella solicitous. "It's nothing," the showman said. "The shoulder—"

Linley gave some instructions to Ricketty, who ran downstairs, anxious to be of service and to spread the news. Bella caught something in Carey's eye and quickly moved away. Estelle bent nearer to the showman. "Are you sure you're all right, Dan?"

"Sure," he said. "It's a scratch. She did not speak for a moment. Her eyes roved over his rugged face, then moistened. Her lips close to his, she whispered: "This is the only time I've really wished I had arms."

He grinned up at her. "Don't you worry, baby. I've got enough for two. You'll see."

A policeman and doctor were standing alongside Rorke's body when Salvi sidled between them and looked down at the dead man. He said bitterly: "So that's Gregory!" His voice grew in volume. "Swine!" he cried. "Murderer!" Before they knew what he was about he had lifted his foot and stamped the heel into the prostrate man's face again and again.

"That for my father," he cried.

"That for my mother, and this for me!" They seized him and pulled him away.

"It's all right," he said, beginning to cry. "I can't do any more. He blackmailed my father till in the end he killed himself. He had a garage in the country and he was a good man. Everybody said he was a good man. All except this swine, who knew he had done a stretch. He had something on him. My father told me. He told me where I should find him. He told me the address where he sent the money. I went there and I found Rena. I wish I'd killed him."

He wrenched himself free, and without another word rushed from the room. Pel looked at Linley. "I wouldn't bother with him," he said. "He'll never kill anyone. He likes to act."

Linley indicated the giant. "What the devil are we going to do with him?" he asked. "Look at him."

The giant's arms were outstretched, one slightly higher than the other. They moved with the curious up and down motion which had so frightened Carey, the fingers outspread and curling. He looked towards Pel, eagerly, chuckling, his eyes expectant. Pel said: "He's a child."

He walked up to Wang and patted him on the shoulder. Then he thrust his hand into his own inner pocket and brought out a pack of cards. Expertly he did the shower shuffle, letting the cards cascade from one hand to the other. Wang made little gurgling noises, then, suddenly, his great cavern of a mouth opened: "Good," he said. "Wang like."

Linley passed a hand over troubled brow. "I guess they'll just deport him," he said. "After all, he saved your life, Pel."

The midget Micklewitz was sitting disconsolately on the suitcase in which he had entered the room. Linley said to him: "Just to clear things up, Micklewitz, and speaking as man to man, would you answer something?"

The midget rose. "If it will help," he said, gravely.

Linley said: "I think you saw Rena Maroni's body before Pelham and Carey broke into this room."

"Yes, sir," the midget said, his high treble contrasting strangely with the other's voice.

"Would you tell us about it?"

Micklewitz said: "I left the party to go to the lavabo. The one on Sapollo's floor was occupied, so I went downstairs to this floor and to the one at the end of the passage. It is only a few steps. When I came out I forgot where I was. I walked down the hall and opened the door of this room. I was inside before I realised. I—I saw the girl lying on the floor, the light shining on her."

"I WAS so frightened I ran out, pulling the door after me. I wanted to shut out the sight."

Linley murmured: "The child's prints on the door"; then aloud, to the midget, "But when you saw Rena's dead body you screamed?"

Micklewitz hung his head. "I am so ashamed," he said. "I was so very, very frightened." Tears came to his eyes. Bella said hurriedly: "Have a cigarette, Mick."

Linley turned to Pel. "That was the woman's scream you heard?"

The midget, more composed, said: "When I left the room I was in a panic. I ran back the way I had come—to the lavabo on the same floor. When I heard the others coming downstairs I crept out at their backs while they were looking into this room. No one saw me."

Pel went back to the empty "tomb" early next morning. Delphine was waiting inside. He said: "Sorry, Delph. What will you do?"

"Hubby's coming out soon," she said. "He wants me to learn the cats—sort of understudy. Gee! It'll be tame after what's happened here. Every time I look in there, Pel, I seem to see poor Mr. Sapollo lying on his bed."

He kept his eyes on her for a moment. "Why, what have I said?" she asked.

"Delphine," he told her. "You've said a mouthful. Stay here."

In five minutes he was talking to Linley. In eight he was interviewing Superintendent Graham.

## Animal Antics



"Haven't we met before?"

"Nothing to stop it," Graham said. "It's just a matter of good taste."

"Oh that," Pelham said, wouldn't know about that."

When he had gone, Graham said to Linley: "Well, he did what he wanted—for nothing."

A few minutes later Pel was giving Speel, the printer, an order. "Good boy," the old man said. "That's the stuff."

Pel said: "Graham hinted weren't good taste."

Speel said, shrugging: "He's in free everywhere. Anyway—huh! Marie, don't it?"

Pel returned to the shop. Delphine's surprise he said: "Go into the box, Delph; we're on our way." She obeyed and he took up his position on the outside. He tapped the glass window:

"On the inside," he said. "See the death chamber of Sapollo, the world's greatest fasting man. Pel quietly round the glass 'tomb,' the shattered glass, the tumbled bed, the wrecked furniture. The small sum of sixpence you are privileged to see the glass prison from which the martyred Hen Sapollo smashed his way in his tortured hour. Read about it in the papers, see it with your eyes . . ."

A few people began to trickle through the door. He went on to Delphine and said: "To-morrow, Delph, wear all black, see, with nice, neat white collar. Get me run down to that dancing academy and get hold of Cecil to-night. He got to have a nice black armband and we'll get a big wreath and hat it at the end of the 'tomb.' Oh, when we get going!"

The showground's carnival was over but there were queues lined outside Sapollo's "tomb." Marie had her friends to dinner before they set off on their country tour. There was a vacant seat at the head of the table, and on the wall above a huge photograph of Sapollo decorated with black streamers. Beneath was a big bowl of arum lilies. A printed panel beneath the picture read:

Henri Sapollo

The world's greatest starving man. Died at his Post. June — Dan Carey said: "Let's drink a great showman."

They lifted their glasses and drank. Marie wiped away a tear. She said bravely: "Allez, Potage Sapollo! Henri use say: 'Yu mus' eat 'im when veree 'ot.'"

They drank noisily from the spoons. Marie turned to Pel. "You had the seat of honor on her right. 'You know somethin', Pel,' she said. 'To-day I've a letter from Monsieur Roger. 'E say keep see 'undred and start le Cafe Sapollo.'"

Suddenly the Professor sprang his feet. "I have a great lot Marie." He waved his soup-spoon towards the large picture of the fasting man. "I tell you what I will make a beautiful stencil Henri's head." He turned to Bella who was sitting next him. He turned her gently round. Delphine strating with the soup-spoon said: "We will put it just here, between the shoulder blades. A very best position."

Marie beamed at him. "I think that is a lovely thought, Professor Mercl, Bella."

Soon they were busy wiping the bottom of their soup plates with chunks of bread. They were common people.

(Copyright)

## Reminiscences of popular stage artists

### 2GB's interview series

Personal interviews with stage stars are heard in the new quarter-hour feature, "Interviews with the Stars," which began recently from 2GB, and is heard every Sunday night at 9.

THE opening programme introduced Bernard Manning, who has played the role of the Mikado in the Gilbert and Sullivan opera 1536 times.

Bernard Manning first came to Australia when he was 21, and was a jackaroo on a cattle station in Queensland.

On the stage he has played parts ranging from juvenile lead to villain, and has also appeared in pantomime.

He advised young people with stage ambition to pay great attention to articulation and deportment.

The artist featured in the second broadcast is Gregory Stroud, another Gilbert and Sullivan star, well known both in England and Australia.

The famous English actresses, Irene and Violet Vanbrugh, suggested to Gregory Stroud's mother that he study for the stage.

He began to take singing lessons at the age of 22, but the Great War shattered his early prospects.

After the war he resumed his stage career, and eventually was offered an engagement to come to

Australia to play in "Chu Chin Chow."

He said that his favorite role was that of Giuseppe in "The Gondoliers."

Another artist who will be interviewed at a future session is Peggy Shea, a girl who came straight from an office to play leading roles in theatrical productions. She is well known in Gilbert and Sullivan roles.

"Interviews With the Stars" are heard from 2GB every Sunday night at 9. Lined up for future appearances are Maxwell Oldaker, Al Thomas, Kitty Bluett, Gladys Moncrieff, Len Gotling, and Natalie Raine.

The session is compered by Douglas Stark.



## THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

### SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, June 30: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, July 1 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "All Those in Favor."

FRIDAY, July 2: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody.

SATURDAY, July 3: Goodie Reeve presents Radio Competition, "Melody Foursome."

SUNDAY, July 4 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."

MONDAY, July 5: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."

TUESDAY, July 6: Musical Alphabet.





## Fashion FROCKS

"EVE" features clever styling; achieves slenderising effect

THIS smart frock has been designed for the slim and the not-so-slim. A clever achievement.

Note the high pointed, turn-back collar, attractive panel bodice, and snug-fitting waistline. The skirt is straight at the sides and back, and soft-unpressed pleats give fullness at the centre front. Long, slim-fitting sleeves with well-extended shoulderline complete the design.

"EVE" is fashioned from a medium-weight staple fibre also a heavy-weight flat crepe.

The staple fibre is available in shades of burgundy, grey, rust, light blue, ink-blue, and light navy.

The flat crepe comes in shades of wine, Olympic blue, navy, cat's paw pink, moonlight grey, Argentine blue, also black.

Ready-To-Wear: Sizes 32 and 34-inch bust, 52/6 (13 coupons) and 1/9½ postage. 36, 38, and 40-inch bust, 59/11 (13 coupons) and 1/9½ postage.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34-inch bust, 39/11 (13 coupons) and 1/9½ postage. 36, 38, and 40-inch bust, 43/6 and 1/9½ postage.

How to obtain "EVE". In N.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3498 RR, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. When ordering be sure to state bust measurement and name of model.



### Special Concession Pattern

Pattern available for one month only from date of issue.

TRIO OF SNAPPY PINAFORE FROCKS for the 4 to 10-year-olds.

No. 1.—Material required, 1½ yds., 36ins. wide, for blouse, and 1½ yds. for pinafore.

No. 2.—Material required, 1½ yds., 36ins. wide, for blouse, and 1½ yds. for pinafore.

No. 3.—Material required, 1½ yds., 36ins. wide, for blouse, and 1½ yds. for pinafore.

### CONCESSION COUPON

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue, 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed.

Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

Box 358A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 1850, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Box 4210, G.P.O., Perth. Box 4688W, G.P.O., Sydney.

Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

Tasmania: Box 1850, G.P.O., Melbourne.

N.Z.: Box 488W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be mailed for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....

STREET .....

SUBURB .....

TOWN .....

STATE .....

SIZE ..... Pattern Coupon, 2/3/43.



194

### ATTRACTIVE BED JACKET

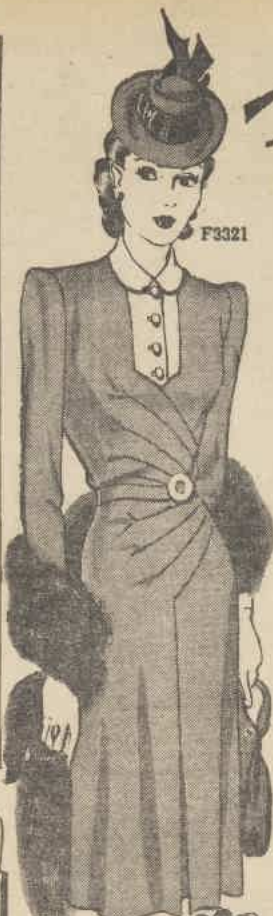
This is a ready-to-make. Pattern is traced clearly on a good quality rayon crepe-de-chine in pink, blue, white, and lavender.

Embroidery motifs are stamped ready for working. Sleeves and neckline are edged with frilly lace (which is not supplied), but, if preferred, a tiny binding of self material or ribbon to tone may be used.

Sizes, 32, 34, and 36in. bust, price, 10/11 (6 coupons); 38 and 40in. bust, 11/6 (6 coupons). Postage, 4½d. extra.

Paper pattern can be had for 1/4.

Please quote No. 194.



F3321

## Fashion PATTERNS

F3321 — Cleverly styled torso frock that snugly fits the midriff and accents a slim waistline. Note smart contrasting yoke and collar. 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds., 54ins. wide, and 1½ yds., 36ins. wide contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F1139 — Evergreen ensemble featuring well-cut frock and jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds., 36ins. wide for frock; 2½ yds. for jacket, and 1½ yds. for collar and cuffs. Pattern, 1/7.

F6984 — Smartly styled pyjama suit with neat turn-back coat collar, patch pockets. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F2300 — High style for the younger miss—a coat that swings with a jaunty air from a circular yoke. Designed especially for 8 to 14-year-olds. Requires 2½ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F3295A — Very smart, youthful, and slenderising style for the not-so-slim. Sizes, 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 5½ yds., 36ins. wide, and 1½ yds. contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post, you should: \* Write your name and full address in block letters. \* Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. \* State size required. \* For children, state age of child. \* Use box numbers given on concession coupon.



F5684



F1139



F2300



F3295A

### NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

#### DAINTY LUNCHEON SET IN ORGANDIE.

Such a charming set this, with its pretty design all in readiness for easy embroidery. (Lace is not supplied).

The set is available in pink or blue organdie, also white.

Nine-piece set, comprising one centre, four place-mats, and four cup and saucer mats, costs 6/3. Postage, 3½d.

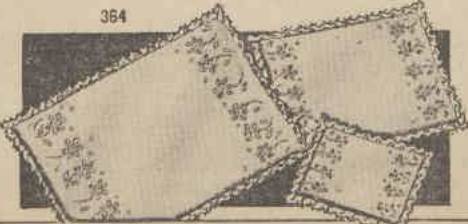
Thirteen-piece set, comprising one centre, six place-mats, and six cup and saucer mats 7/11. Postage, 4½d. extra.

Serviettes to match cost 10d. each, centre 1/3, place-mats 10d., and saucer mats 8d. each.

This set is also available in an imitation cotton linen in lemon, green, coffee, pink, blue, and white at the same prices.

When ordering please quote No. 364.

364



#### CHIC LITTLE FROCK IN HEAVY WOOL.

This dainty little model comes to you ready to cut and sew.

The pattern is traced on a heavyweight woollen cloth, and is available in shades of beige, grey, dusty-pink, and light blue.

Made in sizes 4 to 10 years, prices are as follow:

Size 4 to 6 years, price 12/3 (10 coupons); 6 to 8 years, 12/11 (10 coupons); 8 to 10 years, 13/6 (10 coupons). Postage, 6½d. extra.

Paper pattern only, of design, can be had for 1/4.

When ordering, please quote No. 250.



250





LEAVING ST. AUGUSTINE'S after their wedding are Lieutenant and Mrs. Ralph Douglas Fentrell (bride was formerly June Rita Marchant) and their attendants, Gunner Philip Geddes, A.I.F., and Prioste Noelle Marchant, A.W.A.S.



CHILDREN OF THE DUCHESS OF KENT, Princess Alexandra and Prince Edward (the new Duke of Kent), watch the parade of Wrens outside Buckingham Palace, to celebrate fourth anniversary of W.R.E.N.S. inauguration.



R.A.A.F. WEDDING. Flight-Lieut. Wilbur Wackett, R.A.A.F. and bride, Peggy Stephenson, leaving All Saints', Woolahra, with attendants Lieut. Harry Trigg, A.I.F., Arlette Wackett, F.O. Ross Ford, and Joan Callinan. Bridegroom only son of Wing-Commander and Mrs. L. J. Wackett, of Victoria, and bride daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. J. H. Stephenson, of Sydney.

## On and Off DUTY.

**LADY WAKEHURST**, as State patroness of the Kindergarten Union of N.S.W., has special corner in her heart for work done by the Union. Feeling that the war charities had rather overshadowed the Kindergarten work she donates luncheon at Government House to make special appeal for funds.

After "sandwich luncheon," the 150 guests hear talk by Mr. W. Banks Amery, of United Kingdom Food Mission.

Among guests I see Sir Samuel and Lady Cohen, Lady Julius, Mrs. Charles Lloyd Jones, Dr. E. Sebire.

**JUNE BRACKEN** and Flight-Lieutenant Alan Vickery Ritchie, D.F.C., choose St. Mark's, Darling Point, for their wedding.

Alan and June became engaged about eighteen months ago, when he proposed on a long-distance call from Canada.

Alan was co-navigator of Lancaster bomber which brought Lord Burghley to Australia, and he asks Flight-Lieutenant Peter Isaacson, D.F.C., D.F.M., captain of the Lancaster, to be best man.

Home of bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Bracken, of Drumalbyn Road, Bellevue Hill, is chosen for reception.

**ENGAGEMENT** announced. Dorothy, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brown, of Croydon, to Allan Martin, R.A.A.F., youngest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Robert Martin, of Sydney.



HOSTESS Jo Tyndall (left) and Betty Dean, with guest Lieut. Rex Graff, at "Evening on the Zulu" dance at Arrows Club for Servicewomen, Edgecliff.

**LADY WAKEHURST**, accompanied by Miss Joan Holman, inspects waterborne barge where C.W.A. voluntary workers serve three thousand meals a month to ships' crews.

Preference for tea among Americans so great that coffee is no longer served.

Funds for maintaining barge are donated by C.W.A. Women's Service Club.

**WOMEN'S** auxiliary of the R.S.S.A.I.A. Combined Services Sub-committee hold monthly dance at Winn's Ballroom, Oxford Street. Servicemen and servicewomen are admitted half-price, and proceeds of dances go to committee funds, which provide hostels and clubs for Service personnel on leave. Secretary Dorothy Farr tells me next dance is this Friday.



LISTENING-IN to Red Cross "Pounds for Sounds" programme, heard on Friday nights from 2CH. Mrs. Nigel Smith tunes-in while Mrs. F. C. Needham (left) and Joan Denning write down answers.



CHRISTENING at St. Stephen's for John Robert Lamb, photographed here with parents, Flight-Lieutenant and Mrs. R. G. Lamb, and godmother, Gladys Moncrieff (left).



CIGARETTE-LIGHTERS needed by Red Cross Special Appeals to send to servicemen are inspected by Mrs. W. L. Kerr (left) and Irene Sykes at Appeal Rooms, Prudential Building.

**MARGARET HUNTINGTON**, daughter of late H. W. R. Huntington, formerly of Papua, and of Mrs. A. J. Cashman, of Mudgee, announces her engagement to U.S. Sergeant William H. Mera, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Mera, of Ohio, U.S.A.

**WEDDING** at St. Andrew's Cathedral for Valmai Rae Ayers and Stoker J. S. Bain, R.A.N. Bride is only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Ayers, of Kogarah, and bridegroom is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Bain, of Rozelle.

## Heard Around TOWN

**LETTER** for Marie Peck from her brother, Lieut. Allen Peck, A.I.F., from forward battle station, announces his engagement to Petty-Officer Joan Hodges, W.R.A.N.S.

Joan and Allen choose diamond solitaire on his last leave, but keep engagement a secret.

Joan, who is only daughter of Mrs. E. M. Henry, of Rose Bay, was one of first ten Wrens to enlist. Allen is the youngest son of Mrs. B. L. Peck, of Manly.

**DROP** into St. Andrew's Hut to see new decorations. Find dining-room with new dress of cream, stone, and red. Red roses on tables match new decor.

Kitchen has been redone, too, in cream and red. Canisters, cupboards, and shelves all boast neat red lettering.

But pride of place is held by new washing-up machine. The "Tuesday workers," under Mrs. B. B. O'Connor, collected enough to pay for the machine themselves, so collections from other days were used to pay for the other redecorations.



**OPPORTUNITY SHOP** in Rowe Street, conducted by Peter Pan Kindergarten, will carry on indefinitely. Here Mrs. Don Matthews, Mrs. Reg. Bettington, and Miss Olive Gray inspect stocks.





## Movie World

Paramount star, Paulette Goddard, masses red carnations on either side of her head. This headdress was inspired by the Chinese influence which followed in the wake of Madame Chiang Kai-shek on her recent visit to America. Paulette is a

great favorite with the boys in camp, and has just finished a successful entertainment tour. In her latest film, "So Proudly We Hail," which is a story of the Bataan nurses, Paulette discards her glamor for a nurse's field uniform of khaki overalls.

### BUBBLES... BETTER LATE THAN NEVER!





## Distinguished American Beauty

Mrs. Nicholas Ridgely Du Pont. This lovely member of the distinguished American family, has for years followed the Pond's beauty ritual. She says, "I just love the way Pond's Creams leave my skin so smooth and fresh." The world's loveliest and most distinguished women use Pond's Cold and Vanishing Cream. These two creams are made for each other—and they're made to give you the same skin beauty as the loveliest women in the world.



Pond's Cold Cream for soft-smooth cleansing. Pat it in over face and throat—a little will do, because Pond's goes so much further. Now wipe off. Your face feels clean as rain, soft as silk.

Pond's Vanishing Cream—a much-loved powder base. Apply lightly before make-up. It's non-greasy. Takes and holds powder with velvet smoothness—and helps protect against wind and weather, too!

## End NERVE Troubles

Enjoy quick relief as you correct mineral starvation—tune up system—charge blood stream with living Oxygen.

Thousands of women are blessing Bidomak to-day, where once they were going about nervy, listless, tired, run down, never feeling really well, but always half sick.



Nervous disorders robbed them of popularity, because even a beautiful face and figure can't make up for "jitters" or that awful depressed feeling.

If you are nervy, run down, irritable—if life is a burden and you always feel worried—if you can't eat, sleep badly, suffer from indigestion, constant headaches—if you are tired when you go to bed and tired when you get up in the morning, take Bidomak regularly for a while.

Bidomak Provides Extra Minerals—iron, manganese, and copper for the blood—calcium to aid the teeth, blood, bones and nerves—phosphorus to sharpen the brain, stimulate the glands, purify the

blood—potassium and sodium for buoyant muscles and a healthy blood stream.

**BENEFIT Guaranteed or Money Back**

Bidomak is manufactured under the scientific control of a qualified chemist in consultation with a Doctor of Medicine.

Try Bidomak yourself for a while under a guarantee that it must do you good, or you get your money back. Get guaranteed Bidomak from your chemist or store to-day (3/- everywhere) and know what it is again to feel full of energy and vigour, free from nerves, pain and ill-health. Equally good for men, women, and children. No dangerous drugs or opiates. Makes you well and keeps you well.

**Bidomak**

"The Tonic of the Century" FOR NERVES, BRAIN, AND DEPRESSED FEELING.

**VIM**  
cleans pots and pans quickly—  
**NEVER SCRATCHES**  
A LEVER PRODUCT 7.107.35

### The Australian Women's Weekly NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss.

Prices: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

## DRAMA OF PITT THE YOUNGER



**1 YOUNG WILLIAM PITT** (Robert Donat) tells friend Wilberforce (John Mills) that George III has appointed Pitt Prime Minister despite opposition of Fox party.



**2 POLITICAL ENEMIES** meet at a Review Ball: Sheridan (Max Adrian), Duchess of Devonshire (Margaret Vyner), Fox (Robert Morley), Nepean, and Pitt.



**3 HAVING RESIGNED** rather than agree to patched-up peace with France, Pitt leaves No. 10 Downing Street.



**4 EMERGING** from seclusion of country home, Pitt makes speech in Commons warning of danger of Napoleonic invasion, and he is overcome by the enthusiastic reception given him in the House.



**5 AGAIN PRIME MINISTER.** Pitt talks to Nelson before Nelson sails to Trafalgar.



**6 AFTER TRAFALGAR VICTORY,** Pitt and Wilberforce drive to Guildhall banquet, where Pitt, seriously ill, makes his last speech.



**Caution—GERMS ahead**

### Donat's screen comeback

AFTER a long absence from the screen, Robert Donat makes his first picture appearance since carrying off the Academy Award for his memorable "Mr. Chips." The star could not have selected a more thrilling portrayal than the title role in GBD's "Young Mr. Pitt." Pitt's times were as turbulent as ours, and at 24 he became "the boy Prime Minister," and sacrificed his one great love to lead his people to victory over the "Axis" of that day.

That blow-out is serious enough. But how much more serious if he should pick up germs from the dust and dirt on that tyre... germs that spread infection! Don't take these risks yourself. After every dirty job wash with Guardian. Not just any soap, mind you—but medicated Guardian to get rid of germs along with dirt. You'll like refreshing Guardian in your morning shower as well—it helps you start the day in top gear.



**IT GUARDS AGAINST GERMS**

Gv.57.26



## Be clever with alterations

● If the sleeves of a warm wool dress are worn in spots, here's a smart way to make it look like new. Cut the frock into a sophisticated pinaflore and wear it with different blouses.

● Have you ever thought of combining two old frocks to make one brand new model? A former grey wool coat dress has been turned into a skirt with trouser pleats, and worn with the red wool top of another frock.

● To disguise an old suit beyond recognition, buy a yard of material in a dashing check and make a brand-new top. Garnish it with an inset panel, a twisted belt, and knotted buttons made from pieces of the old jacket.

● A black suit with a sadly dated front and neckline can be rejuvenated with an emerald inset front. For final flipp add matching emerald accessories.





## Rendezvous in Scotland

Continued from page 5

McKAY'S eyes were hard. "Okay. But I want the note. And you don't see. I am doing a dangerous job according to contract. I do not owe anybody anything except what the contract specifies."

Brewster's lips tightened. He rose, and McKay rose with him. "I am sorry. You are right, of course. But you can understand that to us your attitude seems—well, a bit mercenary."

McKay made no comment. "I take it, then, that you will fly that ship back if the necessary papers are drawn?" Brewster said.

"Yes. If the ship tests all right." Brewster bowed. "You may test it at seven to-morrow morning. Good-night."

He walked away with his spine uncompromisingly straight, and McKay looked after him with anger in his eyes. Warren was biting his lip. Janet Logan lighted a cigarette. McKay reached over and extracted a cigarette from her package.

"The trouble with your people, Scotland," he said, "is that they are too accustomed to bossing black people and yellow people around—people who have no rights and who can't answer back."

"I never saw any yellow or black people," she said.

"That guy did."

"Probably so. Let's change the subject. You thought that I was pulling your leg when I recognised your name, didn't you?"

McKay glowered. "I am not in the mood for games, now, Scotland."

"My name isn't Scotland, and I am not playing a game." She looked across the table at Dick Warren. He had been included in a bargain of which he did not approve, and he had no authority to interrupt. After all, he had a contract, too. The contract made him subject to McKay's orders. He looked a little white and sick. The girl spoke directly to him. "I think you are grand, Dick Warren," she said, "and I like every-

thing about you; but do you mind if I leave you in the lurch and show your partner something?"

They had risen. Warren shook his head. "No, I expected it. I—"

"You couldn't have expected it. It is not at all what you think."

Warren grinned feebly. "It is not what you think, either." He put out his hand. "Good-bye, Miss Logan."

The girl took his hand, her eyes on his face. "My name is Janet," she said.

"Okay. Good-bye Janet."

He waved to McKay and left the room abruptly. The girl looked after him, and her teeth bit into her lower lip. McKay took her arm.

"Nice kid, Warren," he said. "He is the way I like to imagine Americans," she said.

McKay shook his head. "He is a hero at heart," he said. "He will get himself killed in some ridiculous way, and all the girls will forget him."

Outside, the wind was stiff across the moor, and the moon was a pale wafer in a cloud-cluttered sky. Under the ground upon which McKay and Janet walked, and on every side of them, men worked and lived, but of all this there was no sign whatever.

This was a place where huge bombers vanished into the bowels of the earth, and where swift, deadly pursuit ships were kept in constant readiness to repel daylight raiders—hidden from sight in one-ship hangars that looked like the natural hillocks of an uneven plateau. Not a light showed; not a sound disturbed the stillness of the night.

Janet Logan walked with obvious purpose. Several times she consulted the luminous dial of her wrist-watch. McKay was puzzled.

"Where does the time element come into this?"

"They come over about the same time every night," she said. "We've got fifteen minutes."

"Oh!" He looked at the sky with a new interest. His professional curiosity was aroused. He had never seen a German bomber.

They climbed a little hill; and beyond it was another hill where an ivied stone ruin stood out boldly in the moonlight. McKay stopped to look at it.

"I saw that the first time I flew in here," he said. "I have used it as a landmark every trip since."

Janet Logan did not answer until they reached the hollow between the hills. "Did you ever see these before?"

She waved her hand at a small group of headstones, battered by the years and huddled together. McKay shook his head. She crossed to one headstone and pointed. He stood staring down at the name on the stone: "Hugh McKay."

The centuries had rolled over that discolored stone that marked a grave, but the name had been cut deep; his own name.

"So what?" he said at last.

The girl dropped on one knee. "You cannot read it at night," she

### MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"As soon as everybody in town has touched it, I'll really paint it!"

said, "but there is a line beneath the name. It says, 'who did his duty.'" She rose to her feet.

"Hugh McKay, who did his duty." Her lips were slightly parted. "I cannot think of a more beautiful epitaph. It says everything that can be said—everything."

McKay grinned wryly. "That depends on who composed the epitaph, and on what he thought McKay's duty was."

"It does not depend on anything."

"Oh, yes," McKay motioned to the castle on the hill. "The noble lord lived up there. He owned all the land. Maybe he let McKay break his back farming some of it for enough to keep himself alive. In return, maybe, he considered it McKay's duty to do his fighting and his dying for him. McKay ended up under this nice stone, and the noble lord got another sucker for the farm."

He grinned tantalizingly. "Stick around with me, and you'll learn Scottish history."

The girl was standing stiffly erect. "I don't think that you are funny," she said. "I think that you have the most twisted mind! I—" She broke off suddenly and pointed to the castle.

"Look! Who cares if a lord lived there? It is all gone. The man under that stone did his duty. Just that. He wasn't so smart that he did not believe anything any more. He did what he thought he had to do. He was fine. He gave himself to something that he believed. I've come up here alone and cried over him. I believe in him. I believe in all the men like him."

McKay shook his head. "I'm sorry, Scotland; the parable is wasted on me. We had men just like McKay in our wild West. They were heroic cowboys. They shot each other for forty dollars a month in range wars. Somebody else owned the ranches."

Janet Logan was climbing the hill with her chin up. "They created something. The cowboy is the only tradition your country has."

McKay laughed softly. "Okay,

Scotland. Let's wait and look at some Germans."

"My name is not Scotland."

"To me it is." McKay sat down on the ground. Janet Logan hesitated a moment, then sat down beside him. She seemed aloof, hurt. He felt the need to explain himself.

"It's like this, Scotland," he said: "Wars are a lot of bunk; they happen when politicians need them. Governments should keep people employed and fed, and protect their right to hope. No government ever does that for long. When things get too bad they kick up a war to confuse the issue so the people won't catch on to them. The enemy government isn't fooled; it probably needs a war, too. Only people like you and my namesake down there get fooled. They believe slogans, and they get themselves killed."

"Look," Janet gripped his arm. Three winged shadows emerged from a welter of cloud. McKay's muscles stiffened.

"You've got your theories," she said, "and we've got this. This is real."

The bombers swept down, fanning out in three directions. There was a long-drawn whistling sound, and the girl threw herself forward, face down. McKay followed her example. Out on the moor something exploded with a shattering roar. Two more explosions sounded muffled and far away.

"Every night! They know we're somewhere here. They keep searching. When they tried coming in the daylight they didn't get back."

McKay looked up. He could only see one bomber now. It was perfectly distinct in the pale moonlight, as big as the ship he had brought in. He had carried sandbags and extra gas; this one carried crew and packaged death. Two more bombs shattered the plain.

"No anti-aircraft?" He found himself whispering.

"No good. It would tell them where we are. Now they search over a hundred miles."

The bomber swung to the south. There were distant, muffled explosions. The Germans were wasting bombs over a wide area, searching. McKay wet his lips. He knew where the English planes were, where the men were. He could imagine their desperation at being forced to huddle silently in holes, not allowed to strike back. He began to realise why they appreciated the bombers he brought. The bombers were their counter-punch.

Two of the German planes came back, and more bombs fell. McKay felt the girl's body close to his. Her fist beat the ground.

"Glasgow! Liverpool! I was there during raids. It is worse in cities. I wish I could show you. You'd know then that it is people doing their duty that count, not people trying to figure out the answers to riddles."

McKay hunched his shoulders. "Okay," he said, "it's terrible. But your bombers do the same thing. That's what war is. It is a sucker game of blowing things up so some people can make money building them again."

JANET Logan rolled over swiftly and sat up, her body braced with her hands against the ground.

"It is something else," she said. "I've seen it. People are blowing a lot of things out of the world, things that can be replaced. I don't care who replaces them. I don't care who makes money. All I know is that other people are putting into the world that which the world needed. They are putting in their courage and their faith and a very beautiful sense of sacrifice. They are putting something into the world that they did not even know they had themselves. They are not figuring anything out; they have found a word called duty."

The air and moor were quiet again. McKay rose and stretched his hand to the girl. She was very close to him when she came to her feet.

"Scotland," he said, "you are very sweet, and I never wanted to kiss a girl more in my life."

She stood straight, and she was neither coy nor resistant. Her eyes were level to his; they stopped him.

His hands fell away, and he looked at her; then his right hand came up and met hers.

"Okay, Scotland," he said. "I'll remember you."

Her eyes were misty. "Some day, America," she said, "you'll understand things that you can't talk about; then I'll like it if you remember me."

Fog had swallowed the shoreline of Scotland, and the broad Atlantic spread before the nose of a bomber that was not up to the demands of war. Dick Warren sat at the controls, and McKay frowned at the charts.

"I never envied a man more in my life," Warren said, "than I envied you last night."

McKay did not look up. "Nothing to envy. You could have walked out with her yourself."

"You're her kind of man. She knew."

"You're nuts," McKay said.

"So nuts that I'm thinking of throwing in with the Air Force. I could pilot one of these bombers in the real show."

Warren's face was grim. McKay laid the charts aside. "Kid," he said, "I am not going to say 'Don't'—but you are doing something very useful where you are. They need these things worse than they need you. There aren't enough people flying them across."

Warren's eyes widened, and he looked like a man who has taken a powerful and unexpected punch. McKay had picked up the charts again.

He looked hard as he stared unseeingly at the figures that added up to tough weather across twenty-one hundred miles of unfriendly ocean.

He was seeing dark eyes that were level and brave, but wet with tears. In those eyes he was seeing the millions of humble, gallant people who were putting back into the world more than the bombs took out of it.

(Copyright)



Bewildered, dazed, and quite perplexed  
To know which toothpaste is the best,  
Joan searched the ads, and saw that one  
Said "Stop bad breath—or spoil your fun."

A second promised glistening whiteness,  
A third spoke just of stain-free brightness,  
A fourth said "Here's real gum protection,"  
A fifth claimed "stop-decay" perfection.

Which one to use?—poor Joan was "done"  
Until she read of "5-In-One."  
Oh! what relief for Joan to find  
In "5-In-One" all five combined.



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Keeps them stain-free, gum-free, odorless.

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7 SIZES — FROM 1/3 (MIDGET)  
AT ALL LEADING STORES



For your cherub...

## COSY BREECHETTES

DESIGNED to fit babies 6 to 12 or 14 months of age. Here are directions:

**Materials Required:** Seven skeins Patons and Baldwins 4-ply wool, pair No. 9 and a spare knitting needle, 4 buttons.

**Abbreviations:** K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; beg, beginning; tog, together; dec, decrease; inc, increase; ins, inches; m, make.

**Tension:** 7 sts. to inch.

Commence with the leggings. These are knitted in moss-stitch. Cast on 76 sts. Work 18 rows in moss-stitch, now shape for the back of leggings.

**Next Row:** Knit the first 6 sts. in pattern, turn, and work back over the 6 sts. just knitted.

**Next Row:** Work the first 12 sts. turn, and work back over the 12 sts. just worked.

**Next Row:** Work the first 18 sts. turn, and work back over the 18 sts. Continue working up 6 sts. more every other row until only 28 remain.

Now work across all the sts. and continue until the short side of the work measures 7 ins., then decrease 1 st. at both ends of the needle every other row until 44 remain.

Continue on these sts. for 3 ins. without shaping. The stitches are divided now for the foot.

Work in pattern 14 sts. and on the next 16 work backwards and forwards for 24 rows. This forms the instep flap. Break off wool and join to where the 14 sts. were left. Pick up 12 sts. along the side of the instep, and with the same needle work 8 sts. across the toe. With the spare needle work the other 8 toe sts. Pick up 12 sts. down the other side of the instep flap, also the remaining 14 sts. all on the same needle. Work 8 rows on these sts. without shaping.

The next 3 rows are decreased 1 st. at both ends of needles. Cast off loosely.

The other leg is worked in a similar manner to correspond.

### BACK

Join the leggings together—divide

work in half and pick up 72 sts. across the back.

**1st Row:** Purl.

**2nd Row:** K 1, m 1, k 2 tog, right across.

**3rd Row:** Purl.

Continue in st-st. until work measures 3 ins. Cast off 4 sts. at each end for armhole and continue for another 3 ins.

**Next Row:** K 20, cast off 24, and k remaining 20 sts.

Continue knitting on remaining 20 sts. for 7 rows, then cast off loosely. Work 7 rows on other shoulder to correspond.

### LEFT FRONT

Pick up 72 sts.

**1st Row:** Purl.

**2nd Row:** K 1, m 1, k 2 tog, right across.

**3rd Row:** Purl.

Now divide the sts. in half for front opening. Leave 36 sts. on spare needle.

**4th Row:** K 24, then moss-stitch remaining 12.

**5th Row:** Work 12 sts. in moss-stitch, purl 24.

Continue in this manner until 3 ins. have been worked. Cast off 4 sts. at sleeve end of armhole and continue for another 3 ins. Cast off the 12 moss-stitches at neck-end, then work 6 more rows. Cast off loosely.

### RIGHT FRONT

Join wool at centre and cast on 12 sts. for the flap. Work this front to correspond with left front, the cast-on 12 sts. being worked in moss-stitch, but when 1 in. has been worked make buttonhole. This is done by:

**1st Row:** Work 4 sts. in moss-stitch, cast off 3 sts., work 5 sts. moss-stitch, k 36 sts.

**2nd Row:** Purl 36 sts., work 5 sts. in moss-stitch, cast on 3 sts., work 4 sts. in moss-stitch. The garment has 4 buttonholes 1 ins. apart.

Cast off 24 sts. at the right neck edge (instead of 12 sts. as for left side).

### SLEEVES

Join shoulder seams and pick up 54 sts. Work 5 ins. in st-st. Then k 1, k 2 tog, along next row. Moss-



THIS is an adorable allover suit for baby. So snug, easy to knit, too.

stitch for the next 2 ins., then cast off.

### COLLAR

With wrong side of work towards you, pick up 46 sts. for collar. Commence at edge of the left front and work around until within 12 sts. of right front. Moss-stitch for 2 ins., increasing 1 st. at the beginning of

every row by working into back and front of the first st. Cast off loosely.

### TO MAKE UP

Sew up underarm and side-seams, also leggings, and crochet around collar. Make a chain of wool, thread through holes at waist, and add pompons. Work flowers on collar, cuffs, and booties.

## STOP THAT COUGH

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Save all you can — and use your  
**COMMONWEALTH SAVINGS BANK** account  
as a stepping-stone to investment in  
Australia's war effort.



# LAMB and MUTTON

• Cuts you should know . . . and dishes you'll want to serve.

By OLWEN FRANCIS

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

IT'S an important war-time duty to know all about the various cuts of beef and mutton.

You will be planning to use more mutton and less beef.

It is a matter, too, of making use of the less familiar cuts.

Our testing kitchen has been at work, and results show that breast of mutton can be as delicious as the more expensive loin; that braised neck chops are as appetising as the more expensive shoulder chops.

As well as being as palatable, these inexpensive cuts are just as nutritious as the more costly ones.

So know your meat cuts, and the best methods of presenting them. These are kitchen front "musts" that keep your own food budget in control, and help to regulate the meat market.

## POINTS ON FLAVORING

Flavor interest of mutton can be pepped up in various ways:

A dash of vinegar or a few lemon slices in the water in which mutton is boiled give piquancy. A basting of spiced vinegar or vinegar in which herbs have been steeping gives a new tang to a roast or grill.

Lemon juice or vinegar, or the sharp flavor of celery leaves or mustard cress, or tart apple, or nasturtium seeds sharpen the flavor of a casserole of mutton.

Seasoned breadcrumb stuffing gives savory variety to a boned shoulder, loin or breast. Highly seasoned crumbs can coat the cutlet for frying, or the chops to be oven-cooked.

The brown sauce served with mutton should be well seasoned. The correct accompaniments should be tart, such as mint sauce, caper sauce (mock variety these days), tart jelly, spiced fruit, or well-flavored onion sauce.

Mutton and lamb are more palatable well cooked, and care should be taken to serve them piping hot.

## PIQUANT LAMB SHANK HOT-POT

Four lamb shanks, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 3 cups boiling water, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 cup thinly sliced onion, 2 tablespoons chopped celery leaves, pepper and salt.

Brown the shanks in hot fat. Remove, and brown the flour. Add the water, vinegar, sauce, onion, celery leaves, and pepper and salt. Add the shanks and cover tightly. Cook very gently for 1½ to 2 hours. This can be made ahead of serving time and reheated without loss of flavor or food value.

## STUFFED LAMB BREAST

Lamb breast and foreshank, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon melted, well-flavored fat, 1 dessert-spoon chopped onion, 1 teaspoon chopped sage or thyme, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 to 2 tablespoons milk.

Have the butcher remove fore-shank from the breast and crack the bones of the breast so that the meat may be carved between the ribs. Also have a pocket made in breast by cutting meat close to ribs. Sprinkle pocket with salt and pepper. Mince the shank meat finely, and combine with breadcrumbs, dripping, onion, herbs, pepper, salt, and milk. Fill pocket with this stuffing, and sew or skewer the edges together. Season outside with pepper and salt. Place in baking dish with hot fat and bake in slow oven (325 deg. F.) for about two hours.

Note: The stuffing may be varied with different flavorings.



UPPER TRAY—Shoulder with bone, rolled shoulder, leg, chump chops (leg or shoulder), best end neck chops, loin chops, breast.

LOWER TRAY—Loin, mutton suet, rolled boned breast, liver, kidneys, cutlets; minced meat, sausages, scrag end neck chops, brains.

## SAUSAGE-STUFFED SHOULDER OF LAMB

One boned shoulder of lamb, 1lb. sausage meat, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, flour, salt and pepper.

Select a shoulder about 3lb. in weight and have butcher remove bone (take bone home for soup). Spread meat with sausage meat which has been pounded with the crumbs and parsley. Roll and shape neatly and secure in several places with white string. Dredge with flour and season lightly. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.), allowing about 40 minutes to each pound. Serve hot with mint sauce and vegetables, or cold with salad.

## RAGOUT OF MUTTON

One and a half pounds scrag end of neck of mutton, 1 onion, 1 cooking apple, 1 turnip, 1oz. fat, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 pint water, 1 tablespoon pearl barley, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper.

Cut meat into neat pieces and fry lightly in fat. Then fry onion and add flour. Add water, pepper, and salt. Place this sauce, meat, diced turnip, sliced apple, and barley in a stew-pan or casserole. Cover tightly and cook very slowly for 2 hours. Serve piping hot, heavily sprinkled with chopped parsley.

## MUTTON OR LAMB

CUT	LOCATION	CHARACTERISTIC	USE
LEG . . .	Hindquarter, upper leg to hip.	Fine quality meat. Large bone. Sold whole or boned, or cut into 3, centre piece being cut into chops.	Whole: Bake, boil. Chops: Grill, braise.
LOIN . . .	Hindquarter, between hind leg and ribs.	Choice quality meat. Sold whole or in chops.	Whole: With bone or rolled, bake. Chops: Grill.
RIBS . . .	Forequarter.	Good quality meat. Sold whole, formed into crown, or cut into chops or cutlets.	Crown: Bake. Chops: Grill, fry.
BREAST . .	Forequarter, below ribs.	Loose-grained meat with gristle. Needs long, slow cooking. Sold in flat whole piece with bone, boned, or rolled or cut into riblets.	Whole: With bone or rolled, boil, braise, or bake at low temperature. Riblets: Braise. Thin flap of breast: Braise, boiled, or stewed.
SHOULDER	Forequarter, below ribs.	Good quality meat with much bone. Sold whole or boned. Boned joint may be stuffed cushion fashion or rolled with or without stuffing, square cut shoulder may be cut into chops.	Whole: Bake, braise. Chops: Grill, braise.
SHANK . .	Forequarter, lower front leg.	Bone, gristle, and meat. Needs long moist cooking.	Soup, stew.
NECK . . .	Forequarter, near head.	Bone, gristle, and meat. Sold whole as best end or scrag end—best or scrag chops.	Best end, neck: Boil, braise. Scrag end: Soup, stew.

Sundries given opposite page



## They're winners!

● Cash prizes go to readers for these inexpensive, easy-to-make dishes and desserts.

If you have a good family favorite send it to us. It may win you the main prize of £1.

Cash prizes are awarded every week for seasonable and sensible recipes.

### SUFFOLK SAUSAGES

One lb. sausages, 1 lb. potatoes, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon grated onion, chopped parsley, salt and pepper, egg and breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon dripping.

Skin sausages, cook and mash potatoes, add dripping, egg-yolk, and flavorings.

Roll round sausages, cover with egg and crumbs, place in baking dish, bake 1 hour in hot oven. Serve with bacon and green vegetables.

Very satisfying for hungry people.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. Isabel Wilson, 14 Little St., Maroubra Bay, N.S.W.

### LIVER LOAF

One and half lb. liver, 1 onion, 3 mashed potatoes, salt and pepper to taste, 1 oz. cornflour, 1 oz. dripping or bacon fat, 1 gill water.

Wash and dry liver, then slice. Slice onion thinly. Fry both lightly in the dripping or bacon fat, but keep fat and liquid in the pan to make a gravy with cornflour and water. Stir in cornflour and then add water slowly and cook for three minutes. Put liver through mincer. Now mix together liver, fried onion, mashed potatoes, and gravy, and well blend. Form into a roll, or, if you like, grease a cake tin and put the mixture in this. Bake for three-quarters of an hour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Swanson, 240 Baker St., Randwick, N.S.W.

### STEAMED HONEY OR TREACLE PUDDING

Beat until creamy 1 heaped tablespoon dripping, 1 cup sugar. Add 1 cup honey, treacle or golden syrup. Beat well for a few minutes. Have ready mixed 1½ cups flour, 1 dessertspoon each ginger (can be omitted), spice, cinnamon. Add all to dripping and honey or treacle mixture, alternately with 1 cup milk. Beat well.

Lastly add 1 large teaspoon carb. soda dissolved in 1 tablespoon hot water, mix well. Pour into buttered basin, tie on cover, and steam 2 hours. Serve with boiled custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. McNaught, 248 Keira St., Wollongong, N.S.W.

### AUSTERITY CREAM

One dessertspoon sugar, 1 pint milk (1 measuring cup), 2 heaped tablespoons powdered milk, vanilla to taste, 1 heaped teaspoon gelatine.

Warm milk as for junket (just enough to take chill off). Dissolve gelatine in 1 dessertspoon water, in a cup. Stand cup in hot water. Beat milk powder and sugar into fresh milk. Cool gelatine, add by teaspoonfuls to milk, beating well. Place in basin or jar on ice to chill.

## How to avoid PNEUMONIA

By MEDICO

"I've got another cold," said Miss Clark, huskily. "Winter seems to be one long cold for me, but I suppose I have to put up with it."

No one should be prepared to "put up with colds," I said briskly. "Besides making you perfectly miserable, they can be dangerous."

One of the dangers from a cold is pneumonia. According to a prominent American doctor, the surest way to prevent pneumonia is to eliminate the common cold and other respiratory infections. But this is more easily said than done. We all know how "catching" a cold is.

The main thing is to keep fit. Have plenty of sleep. Most adults require eight hours daily, and children from ten to twelve hours. Regular exercise outdoors is important, and so is relaxing recreation. Above all, a well-balanced diet, with plenty of fresh fruit, vegetables, wholemeal bread, and milk, will help you. But it is no use having a pint of milk today and none to-morrow. You cannot slack on your "building-up" programme.

Dress warmly, but don't coddle yourself up. Avoid overheated rooms and crowds. Chilling is especially risky when you are overtired. And always remember to change wet clothing as soon as possible.

At the first sign of a cold go to bed and stay there for two days. It's better to have two days with a cold than two weeks, or perhaps two months, with pneumonia.

Pneumonia strikes most in the winter months, so be on the lookout for the common warnings—coughing, with a pain in the chest; thick, rust-colored sputum; rapid breathing.

If one or more of these symptoms are present, call a doctor at once.

## ARE YOU ALWAYS TIRED?

HEALTH CAN BE RECAPTURED.

To be tired, drawn-faced, with tell-tale wrinkles, hollow cheeks and slow movements is a sure sign of health decline.

You can recapture the "sunshine" of youthful eagerness and cheer with R.U.R., because it is the "five-fold" health treatment.

R.U.R. clears the skin, brightens the eyes, internally "bathes" the eliminative and digestive organs.

"I am feeling the good of R.U.R. in every possible way, and do not have to study my diet. It is a good tonic," wrote Mrs. L. R. Hodgson, Hamilton.

Why, then, are we to wait for liver troubles, intestinal ailments, skin afflictions, constipation? Take R.U.R. and Right You Are! 4/- and 7/6 everywhere. \* \* \*



THE EVER-POPULAR DOUGHNUT can be greasy and indigestible if not correctly cooked. Drop into fuming fat, drain thoroughly, dust lightly with sugar or icing sugar before serving.

Add vanilla. Serve in place of cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Thompson, 76 Elizabeth St., Granville, N.S.W.

### EGGLESS, BUTTERLESS, AND MILKLESS CAKE

Two heaped tablespoons dripping, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 lb. sugar, 1 pint water, 1 lb. sultanas.

Boil these 5 minutes and let cool.

Then add 1 teaspoon soda and sift in 1 lb. plain flour, 1 teaspoon each salt, cinnamon, and nutmeg. 1 teaspoon spice, and vanilla. Mix all well, place in large pound cake tin which has been lined with double well-greased paper. Bake in slow oven 2 hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. V. Ryan, 6 Church St., Singleton, N.S.W.

### MUTTON OR LAMB SUNDRIES

(Continued from opposite page)

Liver: Close texture, high value, inexpensive, fry, braise, bake, meat loaves.

Heart: Inexpensive; needs long, moist braise, stew.

Kidneys: Savory. Good flavor addition; grill, fry, or sauté, stew.

Brains: Delicate flavor, Digestible; fry, fricassee.

Tongue: Delicate flavor; boil or braise.

Trimnings and Bones: Need long, slow, moist cooking; soups, stew.

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Make gloves for us, too, and earn extra money—at home



You can make your own gloves and earn extra money, too, by making gloves for us—right in your own home. Gloves can no longer be imported into Australia—they must be made here. We need more workers. Will you help in your spare hours? No experience needed—no coupons required. Distance no object. Outfit with materials FREE posted right to your home (all postage and duties paid by us), and a ready market for your work is GUARANTEED with us by our MARKETING BOARD. We say forwarding charges on all gloves supplied. Get busy. This is your chance to make extra money quickly and easily.

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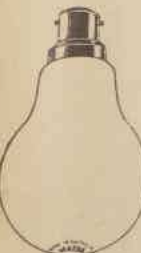
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They Stay Brighter Longer

Advertisement of Australian General Electric Proprietary Limited, distributors for The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd., England

SOLD BY ELECTRICAL AND HARDWARE STORES AND BY ALL COLES STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA.

ML 201A

## Here's how HOLLYWOOD keeps lovely in spite of extra war work



EVEN IF I'M ALL IN AT BEDTIME I NEVER NEGLECT MY FRESHENER WITH LUX TOILET SOAP. ITS ACTIVE LATHER REMOVES THOROUGHLY DUST AND DIRT—LEAVES SKIN SOFT AND SWEET. TRY IT.

ACTUAL STATEMENT BY

Linda Darnell

20th Century Fox Star now in "The Loves of Edgar Allan Poe."

This Hollywood favourite, just like you, spends her spare time on war work. In these hectic days, why not give your complexion the same gentle care that she does? \* \* \*



Costs so little . . . lasts so long

A LUX PRODUCT

LT 91.26





### FASHION THROUGH THE AGES ANCIENT GREECE

*It is difficult to appraise the fashions of Ancient Greece entirely unsentimentally. It was a Golden Age, boasting an elegance that had never before been seen. But although fashions were distinguished by an unparalleled graciousness, dyeing processes were long and tedious, and the selection of dyes was limited. 2,000 years were to elapse before Science unlocked new worlds of colour with the magic key of Synthesis. The Old World had but a few crude colouring matters to add to "the glory that was Greece". The modern dyer is today much nearer the real Golden Age with the I.C.I. range of synthetic dyestuffs to depend upon for his every need.*

THE importance of dyestuffs to the textile trade is a well known and accepted fact, but how often does the public realise the importance of the dyestuffs industry in its capacity as a basis for all organic chemistry? Organic chemistry, as its name signifies, handles a wide range of chemicals belonging mainly to the carbon family — a large and rapidly multiplying group of synthetics called "organic" because the first-named members were isolated from living organisms. From a fundamental knowledge of the constitution of such materials as coal tar, wood, rubber, natural gas, coke, limestone, etc., the chemist can now design and build, like an architect, synthetic products such as the world requires and natural sources do not supply at first hand. Such materials as . . . *nylon*, used for dressfabrics and stockings, whilst readily wetted by water will dry extremely rapidly. By the same token, *nylon* bristles do not generally become soft and flabby in water and like fibres are substantial and strong when wet as when dry . . . "Perspex", having superior vision, yet only half the weight of glass, for use in modern aeroplanes . . . *Acrylic resins* in a suitable form attractively coloured for modern dentures . . . and "Velan", a finish to fabrics rendering them water-repellant, spot and stain resistant whilst improving their draping qualities. Today and tomorrow are the Chemical Age and the only danger of prophecy is to predict too little. Through chemistry man is reaching the stage where he will produce substances to meet almost every conceivable need.

## IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND LIMITED

Manufacturers and Suppliers of General Chemicals, Dyestuffs, Organics, Nylon Products, "Velan", "Perspex", Food Phosphates, etc.